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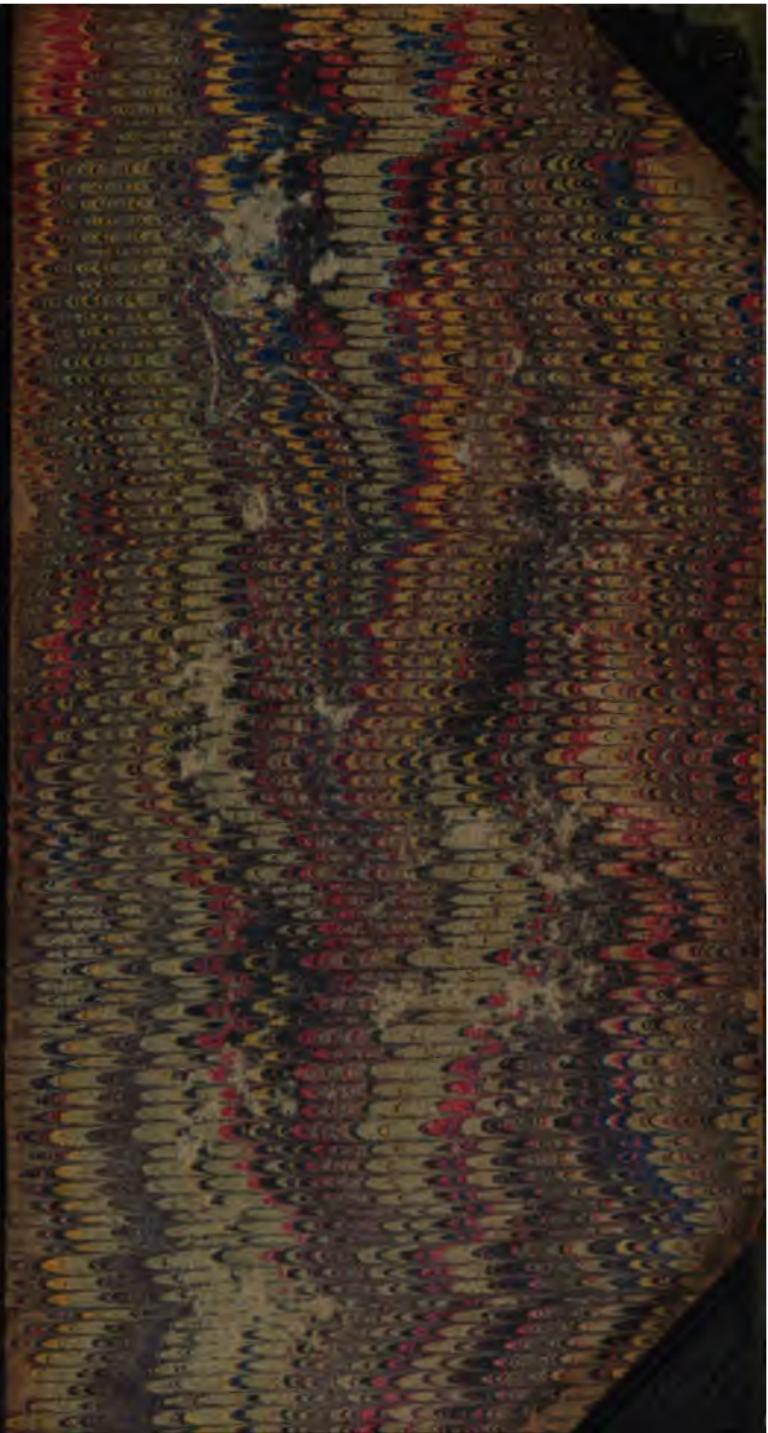
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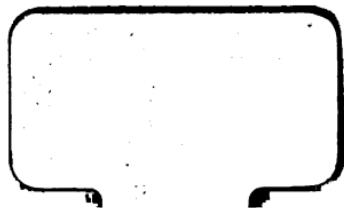
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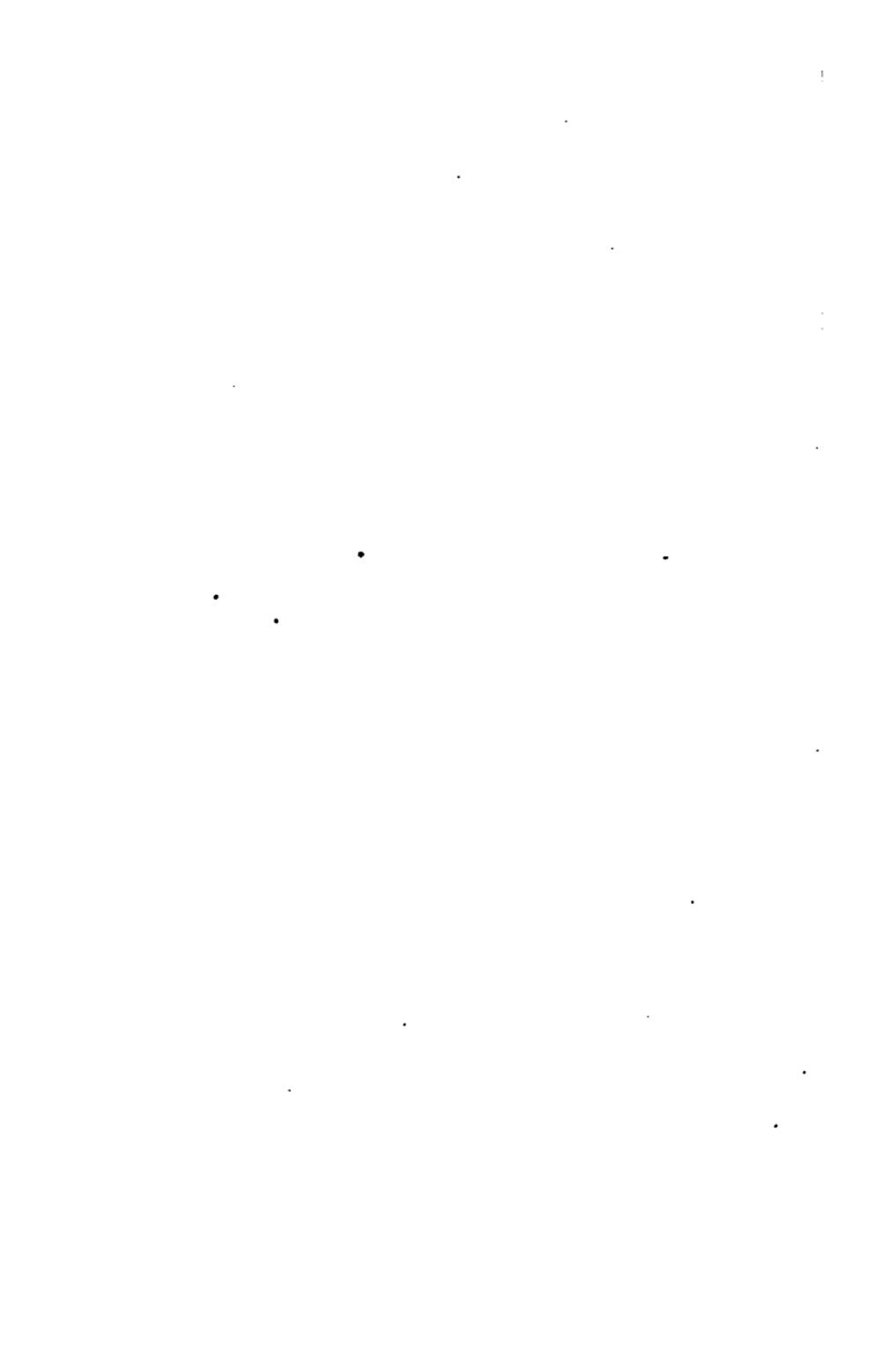
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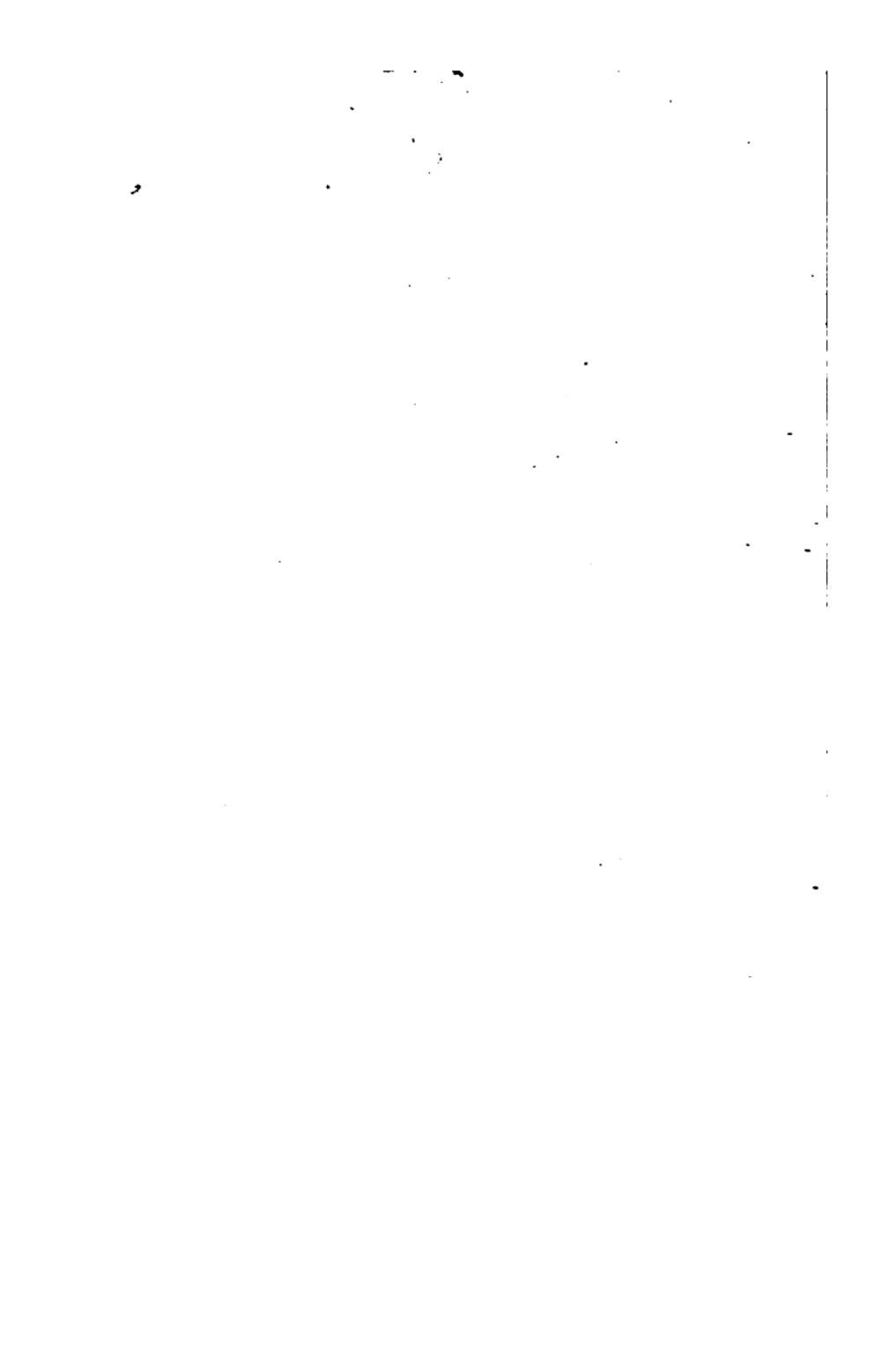


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**One Hundred Volumes.**

**VOL. XXXIV.**



THE  
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**IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.**

**XXXIV.**

**A. PHILIPS. PARNELL. WEST.**

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**CHISWICK :**

**Printed by C. Whittingham,  
COLLEGE HOUSE;**

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**1822.**



THE

# POEMS

OF

A. PHILIPS, PARNELL, AND WEST.

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Chiswick:

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,

COLLEGE HOUSE.



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THE  
**POEMS**  
OF  
**Ambrose Philips.**



THE  
LIFE  
OF  
AMBROSE PHILIPS.  
BY  
DR. JOHNSON.

---

OF the birth or early part of the life of AMBROSE PHILIPS I have not been able to find any account. His academical education he received at St. John's College in Cambridge, where he first solicited the notice of the world by some English verses, in the collection published by the University on the death of Queen Mary.

From this time how he was employed, or in what station he passed his life, is not yet discovered. He must have published his 'Pastorals' before the year 1708, because they are evidently prior to those of Pope.

He afterwards (1709) addressed to the universal patron, the Duke of Dorset, a poetical 'Letter from Copenhagen,' which was published in the 'Tatler,' and is by Pope in one of his first letters mentioned with high praise, as the production of a man "who could write very nobly."

Philips was a zealous Whig, and therefore easily

found access to Addison and Steele ; but his ardour seems not to have procured him any thing more than kind words ; since he was reduced to translate the ‘ Persian Tales’ for Tonson, for which he was afterwards reproached, with this addition of contempt, that he worked for half-a-crown. The book is divided into many sections, for each of which if he received half-a-crown, his reward, as writers then were paid, was very liberal ; but half-a-crown had a mean sound.

He was employed in promoting the principles of his party, by epitomising Hacket’s ‘ Life of Archbishop Williams.’ The original book is written with such depravity of genius, such mixture of the fop and pedant, as has not often appeared. The epitome is free enough from affectation, but has little spirit or vigour.

In 1712 he brought upon the stage ‘ The Distressed Mother,’ almost a translation of Racine’s *Andromaque*. Such a work requires no uncommon powers ; but the friends of Philips exerted every art to promote his interest. Before the appearance of the play, a whole ‘ Spectator,’ none indeed of the best, was devoted to its praise ; while it yet continued to be acted, another Spectator was written, to tell what impression it made upon Sir Roger ; and on the first night a select audience, says Pope<sup>1</sup>, was called together to applaud it.

It was concluded with the most successful Epilogue that was ever yet spoken on the English theatre. The three first nights it was recited twice ; and not only continued to be demanded through the run, as it is termed, of the play, but whenever it is recalled to the stage, where by peculiar fortune, though a copy from the French, it yet keeps its place, the Epilogue is still expected, and is still spoken.

<sup>1</sup> Spence.

The propriety of Epilogues in general, and consequently of this, was questioned by a correspondent of the 'Spectator,' whose letter was undoubtedly admitted for the sake of the answer, which soon followed, written with much zeal and acrimony. The attack and the defence equally contributed to stimulate curiosity and continue attention. It may be discovered in the defence, that Prior's Epilogue to 'Phaedra' had a little excited jealousy; and something of Prior's plan may be discovered in the performance of his rival. Of this distinguished Epilogue the reputed author was the wretched Budget, whom Addison used to denominate<sup>2</sup> "the man who calls me cousin;" and when he was asked how such a silly fellow could write so well, replied, "The Epilogue was quite another thing when I saw it first." It was known in Tonson's family, and told to Garrick, that Addison was himself the author of it, and that, when it had been at first printed with his name, he came early in the morning, before the copies were distributed, and ordered it to be given to Budget, that it might add weight to the solicitation which he was then making for a place.

Philip was now high in the ranks of literature. His play was applauded; his translations from Sappho had been published in the 'Spectator'; he was an important and distinguished associate of clubs, witty and political; and nothing was wanting to his happiness, but that he should be sure of its continuance.

The work which had procured him the first notice from the public was his Six Pastorals, which, flattering the imagination with Arcadian scenes, probably found many readers, and might have long passed as a pleasing amusement, had they not been unhappily too much commended.

The rustic poems of Theocritus were so highly

<sup>2</sup> Spence.

valued by the Greeks and Romans, that they attracted the imitation of Virgil, whose Eclogues seem to have been considered as precluding all attempts of the same kind; for no shepherds were taught to sing by any succeeding poet, till Nemesian and Calphurnius ventured their feeble efforts in the lower age of Latin literature.

At the revival of learning in Italy, it was soon discovered that a dialogue of imaginary swains might be composed with little difficulty; because the conversation of shepherds excludes profound or refined sentiment; and, for images and descriptions, Satyrs and Fauns, and Naiads and Dryads, were always within call; and woods and meadows, and hills and rivers, supplied variety of matter, which, having a natural power to sooth the mind, did not quickly cloy it.

Petrarch entertained the learned men of his age with the novelty of modern Pastorals in Latin. Being not ignorant of Greek, and finding nothing in the word *Eclogue* of rural meaning, he supposed it to be corrupted by the copiers, and therefore called his own productions *Æglogues*, by which he meant to express the talk of goatherds, though it will mean only the talk of goats. This new name was adopted by subsequent writers, and amongst others by our Spenser.

More than a century afterwards (1498) Mantuan published his Bucolics with such success, that they were soon dignified by Badius with a comment, and, as Scaliger complained, received into schools, and taught as classical; his complaint was vain, and the practice, however injudicious, spread far, and continued long. Mantuan was read, at least in some of the inferior schools of this kingdom, to the beginning of the present century. The speakers of Mantuan carried their disquisitions beyond the country, to censure the corruptions of the church; and from

him Spenser learned to employ his swains on topics of controversy.

The Italians soon transferred Pastoral Poetry into their own language: Sannazaro wrote 'Arcadia,' in prose and verse; Tasso and Guarini wrote 'Favole Boschareccie,' or *Sylvan Dramas*; and all the nations of Europe filled volumes with *Thyrsis* and *Damon*, and *Thestylis* and *Phyllis*.

Philips thinks it "sóme what strange to conceive how, in an age so addicted to the Muses, Pastoral Poetry never comes to be so much as thought upon." His wonder seems very unseasonable; there had never, from the time of Spenser, wanted writers to talk occasionally of *Arcadia* and *Strephon*; and half the book, in which he first tried his powers, consists of dialogues on Queen Mary's death, between *Tityrus* and *Corydon*, or *Mopsus* and *Menalcas*. A series or book of Pastorals, however, I know not that any one had then lately published.

Not long afterwards Pope made the frst display of his powers in Four Pastorals, written in a very different form. Philips had taken Spenser, and Pope took Virgil for his pattern. Philips endeavoured to be natural, Pope laboured to be elegant.

Philips was now favoured by Addison, and by Addison's companions, who were very willing to push him into reputation. The 'Guardian' gave an account of pastoral, partly critical, and partly historical; in which, when the merit of the modern is compared, Tasso and Guarini are censured for remote thoughts and unnatural refinements; and, upon the whole, the Italians and French are all excluded from rural poetry; and the pipe of the pastoral muse is transmitted by lawful inheritance from Theocritus to Virgil, from Virgil to Spenser, and from Spenser to Philips.

With this inauguration of Philips, his rival Pope was not much delighted; he therefore drew a com-

parison of Philips's performance with his own, in which, with an unexampled and unequalled artifice of irony, though he has himself always the advantage, he gives the preference to Philips. The design of aggrandizing himself he disguised with such dexterity, that, though Addison discovered it, Steele was deceived, and was afraid of displeasing Pope by publishing his paper. Published however it was ('Guard. 40.'): and from that time Pope and Philips lived in a perpetual reciprocation of malevolence.

In poetical powers, of either praise or satire, there was no proportion between the combatants; but Philips, though he could not prevail by wit, hoped to hurt Pope with another weapon, and charged him, as Pope thought, with Addison's approbation, as disaffected to the government.

Even with this he was not satisfied: for indeed, there is no appearance that any regard was paid to his clamours. He proceeded to grosser insults, and hung up a rod at Button's, with which he threatened to chastise Pope, who appears to have been extremely exasperated; for in the first edition of his Letters he calls Philips "rascal," and in the last still charges him with detaining in his hands the subscriptions for Homer delivered to him by the Hanover Club.

I suppose it was never suspected that he meant to appropriate the money; he only delayed, and with sufficient meanness, the gratification of him by whose prosperity he was pained.

Men sometimes suffer by injudicious kindness; Philips became ridiculous, without his own fault, by the absurd admiration of his friends, who decorated him with honorary garlands, which the first breath of contradiction blasted.

When upon the succession of the House of Hanover every Whig expected to be happy, Philips seems to have obtained too little notice; he caught few

drops of the golden shower, though he did not omit what flattery could perform. He was only made a Commissioner of the Lottery (1717), and, what did not much elevate his character, a Justice of the Peace.

The success of his first play must naturally dispose him to turn his hopes towards the stage: he did not however soon commit himself to the mercy of an audience, but contented himself with the fame already acquired, till after nine years he produced (1722) 'The Briton,' a tragedy which, whatever was its reception, is now neglected; though one of the scenes, between Vanoc the British prince and Valens the Roman general, is confessed to be written with great dramatic skill, animated by spirit truly poetical.

He had not been idle, though he had been silent; for he exhibited another tragedy the same year, on the story of 'Humphry Duke of Gloucester.' This tragedy is only remembered by its title.

His happiest undertaking was of a paper called 'The Freethinker,' in conjunction with associates, of whom one was Dr. Boulter, who, then only minister of a parish in Southwark, was of so much consequence to the government, that he was made first Bishop of Bristol, and afterwards Primate of Ireland, where his piety and his charity will be long honoured.

It may easily be imagined that what was printed under the direction of Boulter would have nothing in it indecent or licentious; its title is to be understood as implying only freedom from unreasonable prejudice. It has been reprinted in volumes, but is little read; nor can impartial criticism recommend it as worthy of revival.

Boulter was not well qualified to write diurnal essays; but he knew how to practise the liberality of greatness and the fidelity of friendship. When he

was advanced to the height of ecclesiastical dignity, he did not forget the companion of his labours. Knowing Philips to be slenderly supported, he took him to Ireland, as partaker of his fortune; and, making him his secretary, added such preferments, as enabled him to represent the county of Armagh in the Irish parliament.

In December, 1726, he was made secretary to the Lord Chancellor; and in August, 1733, became Judge of the Prerogative Court.

After the death of his patron he continued some years in Ireland; but at last longing, as it seems, for his native country, he returned (1748) to London, having doubtless survived most of his friends and enemies, and among them his dreaded antagonist Pope. He found however the Duke of Newcastle still living, and to him he dedicated his Poems collected into a volume.

Having purchased an annuity of four hundred pounds, he now certainly hoped to pass some years of life in plenty and tranquillity; but his hope deceived him: he was struck with a palsy, and died June 18, 1749, in his seventy-eighth year.

Of his personal character all that I have heard is, that he was eminent for bravery and skill in the sword, and that in conversation he was solemn and pompous. He had great sensibility of censure, if judgment may be made by a single story which I heard long ago from Mr. Ing, a gentleman of great eminence in Staffordshire. "Philips," said he, "was once at table, when I asked him, How came thy king of Epirus to drive oxen, and to say, 'I'm goaded on by love?' After which question he never spoke again."

Of the 'Distressed Mother' not much is pretended to be his own, and therefore it is no subject of criticism: his other two tragedies, I believe, are not below mediocrity, nor above it. Among the Poems

comprised in the late Collection, the 'Letter from Denmark' may be justly praised: the 'Pastorals,' which by the writer of the 'Guardian' were ranked as one of the four genuine productions of the rustic Muse, cannot surely be despicable. That they exhibit a mode of life which did not exist, nor ever existed, is not to be objected: the supposition of such a state is allowed to Pastoral. If his other poems he cannot be denied the praise of lines sometimes elegant; but he has seldom much force, or much comprehension. The pieces that please best are those which, from Pope and Pope's adherents, procured him the name of *Namby Pamby*, the poems of short lines, by which he paid his court to all ages and characters, from Walpole the "steerer of the realm," to Miss Pulteney in the nursery. The numbers are smooth and sprightly, and the diction is seldom faulty. They are not loaded with much thought, yet, if they had been written by Addison, they would have had admirers: little things are not valued when they are done by those who cannot do greater.

In his translation from Pindar he found the art of reaching all the obscurity of the Theban bard, however he may fall below his sublimity; he will be allowed, if he has less fire, to have more smoke.

He has added nothing to English poetry, yet at least half his book deserves to be read: perhaps he valued most himself that part which the critic would reject.



## DEDICATION.

---

---

TO HIS GRACE

### THOMAS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

THE honours of your ancient and illustrious family, which that noble writer, Algernon Sidney, places among the first in these kingdoms for prerogative of birth, the titles which you have long worn with distinguished lustre, and the high station which you have many years filled, and now fill, in the government, give your grace a just preeminence in the community; but they are excellences of a more exalted kind to which this tribute of my respect is paid. Your early zeal in the cause of liberty, which manifested itself at the close of a late reign, when the worst of schemes were promoted against this nation by the worst of men, the association (of which I had the honour to be a humble member) into which you then entered, with some others, eminent for their birth, fortune, and knowledge, for securing the succession of the house of Hanover to the throne of these kingdoms; your taste of useful and polite literature, and the encouragement which you have been always ready to give to it; your friendly regard to, and connexion with, that

university which has been the nurse of the greatest statesmen, heroes, philosophers, and poets, of English growth ; and the open liberality of your heart on all laudable occasions, must give you a place in the affections of all Englishmen who know the interest of their native country : and to those virtues, more than to the private friendship with which your grace has long honoured me, I make this offering of the few poetical pieces, which were the produce of my leisure, but some of my most pleasant, hours : your grace will be able to distinguish those which have been printed before from those which now make their first appearance ; and I number among the felicities of my days this opportunity of approaching you with something perhaps not unworthy your acceptance ; and I have the honour to be,

My lord,

Your Grace's

most devoted, obliged,

and most humble servant,

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

*April, 1748.*

## PREFACE TO THE PASTORAL POEMS.

---

IT is somewhat strange to conceive, in an age so addicted to the Muses, how pastoral poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering, especially, that it is of the greatest antiquity, and hath ever been accounted the foremost, among the smaller poems, in dignity. Virgil and Spenser made use of it as a prelude to epic poetry: but, I fear, the innocency of the subject makes it so little inviting.

There is no kind of poem, if happily executed, but gives delight; and herein may the pastoral boast after a peculiar manner: for, as in painting, so in poetry, the country affords not only the most delightful scenes and prospects, but likewise the most pleasing images of life.

Gassendus (I remember) observes, that Peirescius was a great lover of music, especially the melody of birds; because their simple strains have less of passion and violence, but more of a sedate and quiet harmony; and, therefore, do they rather befriend contemplation. In like manner, the pastoral song gives a sweet and gentle composure to the mind; whereas the epic and

tragic poems, by the vehemency of their emotions, raise the spirits into a ferment.

To view a fair stately palace, strikes us indeed with admiration, and swells the soul with notions of grandeur: but when I see a little country dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful variety of hills, meadows, fields, woods, and rivulets, I feel an unspeakable sort of satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing my kinder fortune would place me in such a sweet retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, are the only poets who seem to have hit upon the true nature of pastoral compositions: so that it will be sufficient praise for me, if I have not altogether failed in my attempt.

POEMS  
OF  
AMBROSE PHILIPS.

---

---

Pastoral Poems.

---

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

LOBBIN.

If we, O Dorset, quit the city throng,  
To meditate in shades the rural song,  
By your command, be present; and, O bring  
The Muse along! The Muse to you shall sing:  
Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,  
And I forgive the famed Sicilian swain.

Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,  
When flocks and herds were no inglorious store,  
Lobbin, a shepherd-boy, one evening fair,  
As western winds had cool'd the sultry air,  
His number'd sheep within the fold now pent,  
Thus plain'd him of his dreary discontent;  
Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs,  
He, solitary, sat to breathe his vows,  
Venting the tender anguish of his heart,  
As passion taught, in accents free of art:

And little did he hope, while night by night  
His sighs were lavish'd thus on Lucy bright:

‘ Ah, well-a-day ! how long must I endure  
This pining pain, or who shall speed my cure ?  
Fond love no cure will have, seek no repose,  
Delights in grief, nor any measure knows :  
And now the moon begins in clouds to rise ;  
The brightening stars increase within the skies ;  
The winds are hush ; the dews distil ; and sleep  
Hath closed the eyelids of my weary sheep :  
I only, with the prowling wolf, constrain'd  
All night to wake : with hunger he is pain'd,  
And I with love. His hunger he may tame ;  
But who can quench, O cruel Love, thy flame ?  
Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,  
Upraise my heedless head, then void of care,  
'Mong rustic routs the chief of wanton game :  
Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.  
Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts,  
To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts !  
How deftly, to mine oaten-reed so sweet,  
Wont they, upon the green to shift their feet !  
And, wearied in the dance, how would they yearn  
Some well-devised tale from me to learn !  
For many songs and tales of mirth had I,  
To chase the loitering sun adown the sky :  
But, ah ! since Lucy coy, deep-wrought her spite  
Within my heart, unmindful of delight,  
The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,  
To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan,  
Oh ! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair !  
Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair.  
Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind, [kind.  
Though not so fair, she would have proved more

O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,  
How flying years impair thy youthful prime!  
Thy virgin-bloom will not for ever stay,  
And flowers, though left ungather'd, will decay:  
The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring;  
But beauty faded has no second spring.  
My words are wind! She, deaf to all my cries,  
Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.  
Like frisking heifer, loose in flowery meads,  
She gads where'er her roving fancy leads;  
Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome chase!  
Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace.  
She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,  
Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.  
No cruel purpose, in my speed, I bear;  
Tis only love; and love why shouldst thou fear?  
What idle fears a maiden-breast alarm!  
Stay, simple girl: a lover cannot harm.  
Two sportive kidlings, both fair-fleck'd, I rear;  
Whose shooting horns like tender buds appear:  
A lambkin too, of spotless fleece, I breed,  
And teach the fondling from my hand to feed:  
Nor will I cease betimes to cull the fields  
Of every dewy sweet the morning yields:  
From early spring to autumn late shalt thou  
Receive gay girlands, blooming o'er thy brow:  
And when—But why these unavailing pains?  
The gifts alike and giver she disdains:  
And now, left heiress of the glen, she'll deem  
Me, landless lad, unworthy her esteem:  
Yet, was she born, like me, of shepherd-sire;  
And I may fields and lowing herds acquire.  
O! would my gifts but win her wanton heart,  
Or could I half the warmth I feel impart,

How would I wander, every day, to find  
The choice of wildings, blushing through the rind !  
For glossy plums how lightsome climb the tree,  
How risk the vengeance of the thrifty bee !  
Or, if thou deign to live a shepherdess,  
Thou Lobbin's flock, and Lobbin, shalt possess :  
And, fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,  
If liquid fountains flatter not; and why  
Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show [grow ?  
The bordering flowers less beauteous than they  
O ! come, my love ; nor think the' employment mean,  
The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean ;  
To drive a-field, by morn, the fattening ewes,  
Ere the warm sun drink up the cooly dews ;  
While, with my pipe, and with my voice, I cheer  
Each hour, and through the day detain thine ear.  
How would the crook beseem thy lily-hand !  
How would my younglings round thee gazing stand !  
Ah, witless younglings ! gaze not on her eye :  
Thence all my sorrow ; thence the death I die.  
O, killing beauty ! and O, sore desire !  
Must then my sufferings but with life expire ?  
Though blossoms every year the trees adorn,  
Spring after spring I wither, nipp'd with scorn :  
Nor trow I when this bitter blast will end,  
Or if yon stars will e'er my vows befriend.  
Sleep, sleep, my flock ; for happy ye may take  
Sweet nightly rest, though still your master wake.'

Now to the waning moon, the nightingale,  
In slender warblings, tuned her piteous tale ;  
The love-sick shepherd, listening, felt relief,  
Pleased with so sweet a partner in his grief,  
Till by degrees her notes and silent night  
To slumbers soft his heavy heart invite.

## THE SECOND PASTORAL.

THENOT, COLINET.

THENOT.

Is it not Colinet I lonesome see,  
Leaning with folded arms against the tree ?  
Or is it age, of late, bedims my sight ?—  
'Tis Colinet, indeed, in woful plight.  
Thy cloudy look, why melting into tears,  
Unseemly, now the sky so bright appears ?  
Why in this mournful manner art thou found,  
Unthankful lad, when all things smile around ?  
Or hear'st not lark and linnet jointly sing,  
Their notes blithe-warbling to salute the spring ?

COLINET.

Though blithe their notes, not so my wayward fate ;  
Nor lark would sing, nor linnet, in my state.  
Each creature, Thenot, to his task is born,  
As they to mirth and music, I to mourn.  
Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,  
My tears oft mingling with the falling dew.

THENOT.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to plain :  
Or, who may then, the weight of eld sustain,  
When every slackening nerve begins to fail,  
And the load presseth as our days prevail ?  
Yet, though with years my body downward tend,  
As trees beneath their fruit, in autumn bend ;  
Spite of my snowy head, and icy veins,  
My mind a cheerful temper still retains ;

And why should man, mishap what will, repine,  
 Sour every sweet, and mix with tears his wine ?  
 But tell me, then: it may relieve thy woe,  
 To let a friend thine inward ailment know.

## COLINET.

Idly 'twill waste thee, Thenot, the whole day,  
 Shouldst thou give ear to all my grief can say.  
 Thine ewes will wander; and the heedless lambs,  
 In loud complaints, require their absent dams.

## THENOT.

See Lightfoot, he shall tend them close: and I,  
 'Tween whiles, across the plain will glance mine eye.

## COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end:  
 Doth there one smiling hour my youth attend ?  
 Though few my days, as well my follies show,  
 Yet are those days all clouded o'er with woe :  
 No happy gleam of sunshine doth appear,  
 My lowering sky, and wintry months, to cheer.  
 My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,  
 Which bears the thunder-scar, too plain I see :  
 Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,  
 The mark of storms, and sport of every wind :  
 The riven trunk feels not the' approach of spring,  
 Nor birds among the leafless branches sing :  
 No more, beneath thy shade, shall shepherds  
     throng,  
 With jocund tale, or pipe, or pleasing song.  
 Ill-fated tree ! and more ill-fated I !  
 From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

## THENOT.

Sure thou in hapless hour of time wast born,  
 When blighting mildews spoil the rising corn,  
 Or blasting winds o'er blossom'd hedge-rows pass,  
 To kill the promised fruits, and scorch the grass,  
 Or when the moon, by wizard charm'd, foreshows,  
 Blood-stain'd in foul eclipse, impending woes.  
 Untimely born, ill-luck betides thee still.

## COLINET.

And can there, Thenot, be a greater ill !

## THENOT.

Nor fox, nor wolf, nor rot among our sheep,  
 From this good shepherd's care his flock may keep :  
 Against ill-luck, alas ! all forecast fails ;  
 Nor toil by day, nor watch by night, avails.

## COLINET.

Ah me, the while ! ah me, the luckless day !  
 Ah, luckless lad ! befits me more to say.  
 Unhappy hour ! when, fresh in youthful bud,  
 I left, Sabrina fair, thy silvery flood.  
 Ah, silly I ! more silly than my sheep,  
 Which on thy flowery banks I wont to keep.  
 Sweet are thy banks ! Oh, when shall I, once more,  
 With ravish'd eyes review thine amell'd shore !  
 When in the crystal of thy water, scan  
 Each feature faded, and my colour wan ?  
 When shall I see my hut, the small abode  
 Myself did raise, and cover o'er with sod ?  
 Small though it be, a mean and humble cell,  
 Yet is there room for peace and me to dwell.

## THENOT.

And what enticement charm'd thee, far away  
From thy loved home, and led thy heart astray?

## COLINET.

A lewd desire, strange lads and swains to know :  
Ah, God ! that ever I should covet woe !  
With wandering feet unbliss'd, and fond of fame,  
I sought I know not what besides a name.

## THENOT.

Or sooth to say, didst thou not hither roam  
In search of gains more plenty than at home ?  
A rolling-stone is, ever, bare of moss ;  
And to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

## COLINET.

Small need there was, in random search of gain,  
To drive my pining flock athwart the plain,  
To distant Cam. Fine gain at length, I trow,  
To hoard up to myself such deal of woe !  
My sheep quite spent, through travel and ill-fare,  
And, like their keeper, ragged grown and bare ;  
The damp, cold greensward, for my nightly bed,  
And some slant willow's trunk to rest my head.  
Hard is to bear of pinching cold the pain ;  
And hard is want to the unpractised swain :  
But neither want, nor pinching cold, is hard,  
To blasting storms of calumny compared !  
Unkind as hail it falls : the pelting shower  
Destroys the tender herb, and budding flower.

## THENOT.

Slander, we shepherds count the vilest wrong :  
And what wounds sorer than an evil tongue ?

## COLINET.

Untoward lads, the wanton imps of spite,  
 Make mock of all the ditties I indite.  
 In vain, O Colinet, thy pipe, so shrill,  
 Charms every vale, and gladdens every hill ;  
 In vain thou seek'st the coverings of the grove,  
 In the cool shade to sing the pains of love :  
 Sing what thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail ;  
 And every elf bath skill enough to rail.  
 But yet, though poor and artless be my vein,  
 Menalcas seems to like my simple strain :  
 And while that he delighteth in my song,  
 Which to the good Menalcas doth belong,  
 Nor night, nor day, shall my rude music cease ;  
 I ask no more, so I Menalcas please.

## THENOT.

Menalcas, lord of these fair fertile plains,  
 Preserves the sheep, and o'er the shepherds reigns :  
 For him our yearly wakes and feasts we hold,  
 And choose the fairest firstling from the fold :  
 He, good to all who good deserve, shall give  
 Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live ;  
 Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,  
 And bounteously reward thy rural songs.

## COLINET.

First, then, shall lightsome birds forget to fly,  
 The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,  
 And every rapid river cease to flow,  
 Ere I unmindful of Menalcas grow.

## THENOT.

This night thy care with me forget ; and fold  
 Thy flock with mine, to ward the' injurious cold.

New milk, and clouted cream, mild cheese and curd,  
 With some remaining fruit of last year's hoard,  
 Shall be our evening fare; and for the night,  
 Sweet herbs and moss, which gentle sleep invite:  
 And now behold the sun's departing ray,  
 O'er yonder hill, the sign of ebbing day:  
 With songs the jovial hinds return from plough;  
 And unyoked heifers, loitering homeward, low.

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### THE THIRD PASTORAL.

ALBINO.

WHEN Virgil thought no shame the Doric reed  
 To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to feed,  
 With young Augustus' name he graced his song;  
 And Spenser, when amid the rural throng  
 He caroll'd sweet, and grazed along the flood  
 Of gentle Thames, made every sounding wood  
 With good Eliza's name to ring around;  
 Eliza's name on every tree was found:  
 Since, then, through Anna's cares at ease we live,  
 And see our cattle unmolested thrive,  
 While from our Albion her victorious arms  
 Drive wasteful warfare, loud in dire alarms;  
 Like them will I my slender music raise,  
 And teach the vocal valleys Anna's praise.  
 Meantime, on oaten pipe a lowly lay,  
 As my kids browse, obscure in shades I play:  
 Yet, not obscure, while Dorset thinks no scorn  
 To visit woods, and swains ignobly born.  
 Two valley swains, both musical, both young,  
 In friendship mutual, and united long,

Retire within a mossy cave, to shun  
The crowd of shepherds, and the noonday sun.  
A gloom of sadness overcasts their mind :  
Revolving now, the solemn day they find,  
When young Albino died. His image dear  
Bedews their cheeks with many a trickling tear :  
To tears they add the tribute of their verse ;  
These Angelot, those Palin, did rehearse.

## ANGELOT.

Thus, yearly circling, by-pass'd times return ;  
And yearly, thus, Albino's death we mourn.  
Sent into life, alas ! how short thy stay :  
How sweet the rose ! how speedy to decay !  
Can we forget, Albino dear, thy knell,  
Sad sounding wide from every village bell ?  
Can we forget how sorely Albion moan'd,  
That hills, and dales, and rocks, in echo groan'd,  
Presaging future woe, when, for our crimes,  
We lost Albino, pledge of peaceful times,  
Fair boast of this fair island, darling joy  
Of nobles high, and every shepherd boy ?  
No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were seen,  
Nor shepherd found upon the grassy green ;  
No cattle grazed the field, nor drank the flood,  
No birds were heard to warble through the wood,  
In yonder gloomy grove outstretch'd he lay  
His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay ;  
On his cold cheek the rosy hue decay'd,  
And o'er his lips the deadly blue display'd :  
Bleating around him lie his plaintive sheep,  
And mourning shepherds come, in crowds, to weep.  
Young Buckhurst comes : and, is there no redress ?  
As if the grave regarded our distress !

The tender virgins come, to tears yet new,  
And give aloud, the lamentations due.  
The pious mother comes, with grief oppress'd ;  
Ye trees, and conscious fountains, can attest  
With what sad accents, and what piercing cries,  
She fill'd the grove, and importuned the skies,  
And every star upbraided with his death,  
When, in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath,  
She clasp'd her son : nor did the nymph, for this,  
Place in her darling's welfare all her bliss,  
Him teaching, young, the harmless crook to wield,  
And rule the peaceful empire of the field.  
As milk-white swans on streams of silver show,  
And silvery streams to grace the meadows flow,  
As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,  
So thou, to thine, an ornament wast born.  
Since thou, delicious youth, didst quit the plains,  
The ungrateful ground we till with fruitless pains,  
In labour'd furrows sow the choice of wheat,  
And, over empty sheaves, in harvest sweat ;  
A thin increase our fleecy cattle yield ;  
And thorns, and thistles, overspread the field.  
How all our hope is fled like morning dew !  
And scarce did we thy dawn of manhood view.  
Who now should teach the pointed spear to throw,  
To whirl the sling, and bend the stubborn bow,  
To toss the quoit with steady aim, and far,  
With sinewy force, to pitch the massy bar ?  
Nor dost thou live to bless thy mother's days,  
To share her triumphs, and to feel her praise,  
In foreign realms to purchase early fame,  
And add new glories to the British name :  
O, peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest !  
The flowery turf lie light upon thy breast ;

Nor shrieking owl, nor bat, thy tomb fly round,  
Nor midnight goblins revel o'er the ground.

## PALIN.

No more, mistaken Angelot, complain :  
Albino lives ; and all our tears are vain :  
Albino lives, and will for ever live,  
With myriads mix'd, who never know to grieve ;  
Who welcome every stranger-guest, nor fear  
Ever to mourn his absence with a tear,  
Where cold, nor heat, nor irksome toil annoy,  
Nor age, nor sickness, comes to damp their joy :  
And now the royal nymph, who bore him, deigns  
The land to rule, and shield the simple swains,  
While, from above, propitious he looks down :  
For this, the welkin does no longer frown ;  
Each planet shines, indulgent, from his sphere ;  
And we renew our pastimes with the year.  
Hills, dales, and woods, with shrilling pipes resound :  
The boys and virgins dance, with chaplets crown'd,  
And hail Albino bless'd : the valleys ring  
Albino bless'd ! O now, if ever, bring  
The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,  
And tender branches from the mantling vine,  
The dewy cowslip, which in meadow grows,  
The fountain-violet, and the garden rose,  
Marsh lilies sweet, and tufts of daffodil,  
With what ye cull from wood, or verdant hill,  
Whether in open sun or shade they blow,  
More early some, and some unfolding slow ;  
Bring, in heap'd canisters, of every kind,  
As if the summer had with spring combined,  
And nature, forward to assist your care,  
Did not profusion for Albino spare.

Your hamlets strew, and every public way ;  
 And consecrate to mirth Albino's day ;  
 Myself will lavish all my little store,  
 And deal about the goblet flowing o'er :  
 Old Moulin there shall harp, young Myco sing,  
 And Cuddy dance the round amid the ring,  
 And Hobbinol his antic gambols play :  
 To thee these honours, yearly, will we pay :  
 Nor fail to mention thee in all our cheer,  
 And teach our children the remembrance dear,  
 When we our shearing-feast or harvest keep,  
 To speed the plough, and bless our thriving sheep.  
 While willow kids, and herbage lambs pursue,  
 While bees love thyme, and locusts sip the dew,  
 While birds delight in woods their notes to strain,  
 Thy name and sweet memorial shall remain.

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### THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

MYCO, ARGOL.

MYCO.

THIS place may seem for shepherds' leisure made,  
 So close these elms inweave their lofty shade ;  
 The twining woodbine, how it climbs ; to breathe  
 Refreshing sweets around on all beneath ;  
 The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,  
 Through which the springing flower upears the  
 head :

Lo, here the kingcup of a golden hue,  
 Medlied with daisies white and endive blue,  
 And honeysuckles of a purple dye,  
 Confusion gay ! bright waving to the eye.

Hark, how they warble in that brambly bush,  
 The gaudy goldfinch, and the speckly thrush,  
 The linnet green, with others famed for skill,  
 And blackbird fluting through his yellow bill:  
 In sprightly concert how they all combine,  
 Us prompting in the various songs to join:  
 Up, Argol, then, and to thy lip apply  
 Thy mellow pipe, or voice more sounding try:  
 And since our ewes have grazed, what harm if they  
 Lie round and listen, while the lambkins play?

## ARGOL.

Well, Myco, can thy dainty wit express  
 Fair Nature's bounties in the fairest dress:  
 'Tis rapture all! the place, the birds, the sky;  
 And rapture works the singer's fancy high.  
 Sweet breathe the fields, and now a gentle breeze  
 Moves every leaf, and trembles through the trees:  
 Ill such incitements suit my rugged lay,  
 Befitting more the music thou canst play.

## MYCO.

No skill of music kon I, simple swain,  
 No fine device thine ear to entertain:  
 Albeit some deal I pipe, rude though it be,  
 Sufficient to divert my sheep and me;  
 Yet Colinet (and Colinet hath skill)  
 Oft guides my fingers on the tuneful quill,  
 And fain would teach me on what sounds to dwell,  
 And where to sink a note, and where to swell.

## ARGOL.

Ah, Myco! half my flock would I bestow,  
 Should Colinet to me his cunning show:

So trim his sonnets are, I pr'ythee, swain,  
 Now give us, once, a sample of his strain :  
 For wonders of that lad the shepherds say,  
 How sweet his pipe, how ravishing his lay !  
 The sweetness of his pipe and lay rehearse ;  
 And ask what boon thou willest for thy verse.

## MYCO.

Since then thou list, a mournful song I choose :  
 A mournful song relieves a mournful muse.  
 Fast by the river on a bank he sat,  
 To weep the lovely maid's untimely fate,  
 Fair Stella hight : a lovely maid was she,  
 Whose fate he wept ; a faithful shepherd he.

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express  
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

O woful day ! O, day of woe to me !  
 That ever I should live such day to see !  
 That ever she could die ! O, most unkind,  
 To go and leave thy Colinet behind !  
 From blameless love, and plighted troth to go,  
 And leave to Colinet a life of woe !

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express  
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

And yet, why blame I her ? Full fain would she  
 With dying arms have clasp'd herself to me :  
 I clasp'd her too, but death proved over-strong ;  
 Nor vows nor tears could fleeting life prolong :  
 Yet how shall I from vows and tears refrain ?  
 And why should vows, alas ! and tears be vain ?

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express  
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Aid me to grieve, with bleating moan, my sheep;  
Aid me, thou ever-flowing stream, to weep;  
Aid me, ye faint, ye hollow winds, to sigh,  
And thou, my woe, assist me thou to die.  
Me flock nor stream, nor winds nor woes relieve,  
She loved through life, and I through life will grieve.

Awake, my pipe; in every note express  
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Ye gentler maids, companions of my fair,  
With downcast look, and with dishevell'd hair,  
All beat the breast, and wring your hands and moan:  
Her hour, untimely, might have proved your own:  
Her hour, untimely, help me to lament;  
And let your hearts at Stella's name relent.

Awake, my pipe; in every note express  
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

In vain the' endearing lustre of your eyes  
We dote upon, and you as vainly prize.  
What though your beauty bless the faithful swain,  
And in the' enamour'd heart like queens ye reign;  
Yet in their prime does death the fairest kill,  
As ruthless winds the tender blossoms spill.

Awake, my pipe; in every note express  
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Such Stella was; yet Stella might not live;  
And what could Colinet in ransom give?  
Oh! if or Music's voice, or Beauty's charm,  
Could milden Death, and stay his lifted arm,  
My pipe her face, her face my pipe might save,  
Redeeming each the other from the grave.

Awake, my pipe; in every note express  
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Ab, fruitless wish ! fell Death's uplifted arm  
Nor beauty can arrest, nor music charm.  
Behold ! oh, baleful sight ! see where she lies !  
The budding flower, unkindly blasted, dies :  
Nor, though I live the longest day to mourn,  
Will she again to life and me return.

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express  
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Unhappy Colinet ! what boots thee now,  
To weave fresh girlonds for thy Stella's brow ?  
No girlond ever more may Stella wear,  
Nor see the flowery season of the year,  
Nor dance, nor sing, nor ever sweetly smile,  
And every toil of Colinet beguile.

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express  
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Throw by the lily, daffodil, and rose ;  
Wreaths of black yew, and willow pale, compose,  
With baneful hemlock, deadly nightshade, dress'd ;  
Such chaplets as may witness thine unrest,  
If aught can witness : O, ye shepherds, tell,  
When I am dead, no shepherd loved so well !

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express  
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Alack, my sheep ! and thou, dear spotless lamb,  
By Stella nursed, who wean'd thee from the dam,  
What heed give I to aught but to my grief,  
My whole employment, and my whole relief !  
Stray where ye list, some happier master try ;  
Yet once, my flock, was none so bless'd as I.

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express  
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

My pipe, whose soothing sound could passion move,  
And first taught Stella's virgin heart to love,  
Shall silent hang upon this blasted oak,  
Whence owls their dirges sing; and ravens croak:  
Nor lark, nor linnet, shall my day delight,  
Nor nightingale suspend my moan by night;  
The night and day shall undistinguish'd be,  
Alike to Stella, and alike to me.

No more, my pipe; here cease we to express  
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

Thus, sorrowing, did the gentle shepherd sing,  
And urge the valley with his wail to ring:  
And now that sheep-hook for my song I crave.

#### ARGOL.

Not this, but one more costly shalt thou have,  
Of season'd elm, where studs of brass appear,  
To speak the giver's name, the month, and year;  
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle torn'd,  
And richly by the carver's skill adorn'd.  
O, Colinet! how sweet thy grief to hear!  
How does thy verse subdue the listening ear!  
Soft falling as the still, refreshing dew,  
To slake the drought, and herbage to renew:  
Not half so sweet the midnight winds, which move  
In drowsy murmurs o'er the waving grove,  
Nor valley brook, that, hid by alders, speeds  
O'er pebbles warbling, and through whispering  
reeds,  
Nor dropping waters, which from rocks distil,  
And welly grots with tinkling echoes fill.  
Thrice happy Colinet, who can relieve  
Heart-anguish sore, and make it sweet to grieve!

And next to thee shall Myco bear the bell,  
 Who can repeat thy peerless song so well :  
 But see ! the hills increasing shadows cast ;  
 The sun, I ween, is leaving us in haste :  
 His weakly rays faint glimmer through the wood,  
 And bluey mists arise from yonder flood.

## MYCO.

Bid, then, our dogs to gather in the sheep : [sleep.  
 Good shepherds, with their flock, betimes should  
 Who late lies down, thou know'st, as late will rise,  
 And, slaggard-like, to noon-day snoring lies ;  
 While in the fold his injured ewes complain,  
 And after dewy pastures bleat in vain.

## THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

## CUDDY.

IN rural strains we first our music try,  
 And, bashful, into woods and thickets fly,  
 Mistrusting then our skill ; yet if through time  
 Our voice, improving, gain a pitch sublime,  
 Thy growing virtues, Sackville, shall engage  
 My riper verse, and more aspiring age.

The sun, now mounted to the noon of day,  
 Began to shoot direct his burning ray ;  
 When, with the flocks, their feeders sought the shade  
 A venerable oak wide-spreading made :  
 What should they do to pass the loitering time ?  
 As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme :  
 And some the joys, and some the pains of love,  
 And some to set out strange adventures, strove ;

The trade of wizards some, and Merlin's skill,  
And whence, to charms, such empire o'er the will.  
Then Cuddy last (who Cuddy can excel  
In neat device?) his tale began to tell.

'When shepherds flourish'd in Eliza's reign,  
There lived in high repute a jolly swain,  
Young Colin Clout; who well could pipe and sing,  
And by his notes invite the lagging spring.  
He, as his custom was, at leisure laid  
In woodland bower, without a rival play'd,  
Soliciting his pipe to warble clear,  
Enchantment sweet as ever wont to hear  
Belated wayfarers, from wake or fair  
Detain'd by music, hovering on in air:  
Drawn by the magic of the' enticing sound,  
What troops of mute admirers flock'd around!  
The steerlings left their food; and creatures, wild  
By nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.  
He makes the gathering birds about him throng,  
And loads the neighbouring branches with his song.  
There, with the crowd, a nightingale of fame,  
Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came:  
She turn'd her ear, and pause by pause, with pride,  
Like echo to the shepherd's pipe replied.  
The shepherd heard with wonder, and again,  
To try her more, renew'd his various strain:  
To all the various strain she plies her throat,  
And adds peculiar grace to every note.  
If Colin, in complaining accent grieve,  
Or brisker motion to his measure give,  
If gentle sounds he modulate, or strong,  
She, not a little vain, repeats the song:  
But so repeats, that Colin half-despised  
His pipe and skill, around the country prized;

“ And sweetest songster of the winged kind,  
 What thanks, (said he) what praises, shall I find  
 To equal thy melodious voice ? In thee  
 The rudeness of my rural fife I see;  
 From thee I learn no more to vaunt my skill.”  
 Aloft in air she sat, provoking still  
 The vanquish’d swain. Provoked, atlast, he strove  
 To show the little minstrel of the grove  
 His utmost powers, determined once to try  
 How art, exerting, might ~~with nature~~ vie ;  
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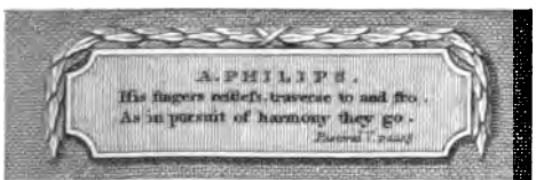
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Drawn by S. Surtees, R.A.

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No trivial artist !' and anon he wound  
The murmuring strings, and order'd every sound ;  
Then earnest to his instrument he bends,  
And both hands pliant on the strings extends ;  
His touch the strings obey, and various move,  
The lower answering still to those above :  
His fingers, restless, traverse to and fro,  
As in pursuit of harmony they go :  
Now, lightly skimming, o'er the strings they pass,  
Like winds which gently brush the plying grass,  
While melting airs arise at their command :  
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand  
He sinks into the cords with solemn pace,  
To give the swelling tones a bolder grace ;  
And now the left, and now by turns the right,  
Each other chase, harmonious both in flight :  
Then his whole fingers blend a swarm of sounds,  
Till the sweet tumult through the harp rebounds.  
Cease, Colin, cease, thy rival cease to vex ;  
The mingling notes, alas ! her ear perplex :  
She warbles, diffident, in hope and fear,  
And hits imperfect accents here and there,  
And fain would utter forth some double tone,  
When soon she falters, and can utter none :  
Again she tries, and yet again she fails ;  
For still the harp's united power prevails :  
Then Colin play'd again, and playing sung :  
She, with the fatal love of glory stung,  
Hears all in pain : her heart begins to swell :  
In piteous notes she sighs, in notes which tell  
Her bitter anguish : he still singing plies  
His limber joints : her sorrows higher rise.  
How shall she bear a conqueror, who, before,  
No equal through the grove in music bore ?

She droops, she hangs her flagging wings, she  
moans,  
And fetcheth from her breast melodious groans.  
Oppress'd with grief at last too great to quell,  
Down, breathless, on the guilty harp she fell.  
Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,  
• And unavailing tears profusely shed,  
And broke his wicked strings, and cursed his skill;  
And best to make atonement for the ill,  
If, for such ill, atonement might be made,  
He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade  
Then adds a verse, and sets with flowers the ground,  
And makes a fence of winding osiers round.  
“ A verse and tomb is all I now can give;  
And here thy name, at least, (he said) shall live.”  
Thus ended Cuddy with the setting sun,  
And, by his tale, unenvied praises won.

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## THE SIXTH PASTORAL.

GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

GERON.

How still the sea, behold! how calm the sky!  
And how, in sportive chase, the swallows fly!  
My goats, secure from harm, small'tendance need,  
While high on yonder hanging rock they feed:  
And here below, the banky shore along,  
Your heifers graze. Now, then, to strive in song  
Prepare. As eldest, Hobbinol begin;  
And Lanquet's rival verse, by turns, come in.

## HOBBINOL.

Let others stake what chosen pledge they will,  
 Or kid, or lamb, or mazer wrought with skill :  
 For praise we sing, nor wager aught beside ;  
 And, whose the praise, let Geron's lips decide.

## LANQUET.

To Geron I my voice and skill commend,  
 A candid umpire, and to both a friend.

## GERON.

Begin then, boys ; and vary well your song :  
 Begin ; nor fear, from Geron's sentence, wrong.  
 A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,  
 All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,  
 I to the victor give : no mean reward,  
 If to the ruder village-pipes compared.

## HOBBINOL.

The snows are melted ; and the kindly rain  
 Descends on every herb, and every grain :  
 Soft balmy breezes breathe along the sky ;  
 The bloomy season of the year is nigh.

## LANQUET.

The cuckoo calls aloud his wandering love ;  
 The turtle's moan is heard in every grove ;  
 The pastures change ; the warbling linnets sing :  
 Prepare to welcome in the gaudy spring.

## HOBBINOL.

When locusts in the ferny bushes cry,  
 When ravens pant, and snakes in caverns lie,  
 Graze then in woods, and quit the shadeless plain,  
 Else shall ye press the spungy teat in vain.

## LANQUET.

When greens to yellow vary, and ye see  
 The ground bestrew'd with fruits of every tree,  
 And stormy winds are heard, think winter near,  
 Nor trust too far to the declining year.

## HOBBINOL.

Woe then, alack ! befall the spendthrift swain,  
 When frost, and snow, and hail, and sleet, and rain,  
 By turns chastise him ; while, through little care,  
 His sheep, unshelter'd, pine in nipping air,

## LANQUET.

The lad of forecast then untroubled sees  
 The white, bleak plains, and silvery frosted trees ;  
 He fends his flock, and, clad in homely frize,  
 In his warm cot the wintry blast defies.

## HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O bless'd Eliza ! would I praise  
 Thy maiden-rule, and Albion's golden days :  
 Then gentle Sidney lived, the shepherd's friend :  
 Eternal blessings on his shade attend !

## LANQUET.

Thrice happy shepherds now ! for Dorset loves  
 The country Muse, and our resounding groves,  
 While Anna reigns : O, ever may she reign !  
 And bring, on earth, the golden age again.

## HOBBINOL.

I love, in secret all, a beauteous maid,  
 And have my love, in secret all, repaid ;  
 This coming night she plights her troth to me :  
 Divine her name, and thou the victor be.

## LANQUET.

Mild as the lamb, unharful as the dove,  
True as the turtle, is the maid I love :  
How we in secret love, I shall not say :  
Divine her name, and I give up the day.

## HOBBINOL.

Soft on a cowslip-bank my love and I  
Together lay ; a brook ran murmuring by :  
A thousand tender things to me she said ;  
And I a thousand tender things repaid.

## LANQUET.

In summer shade, behind the cocking hay,  
What kind endearing words did she not say !  
Her lap, with apron deck'd, she fondly spread,  
And stroked my cheek, and lull'd my leaning head.

## HOBBINOL.

Breathe soft, ye winds; ye waters, gently flow ;  
Shield her, ye trees; ye flowers, around her grow :  
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by ;  
My love, in yonder vale, asleep does lie.

## LANQUET.

Once Delia slept on easy moss reclined,  
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind :  
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss :  
Condemp me, shepherds, if I did amiss.

## HOBBINOL.

As Marian bathed, by chance I passed by ;  
She blush'd, and at me glanced a sidelong eye :  
Then, cowering in the treacherous stream, she tried  
Her tempting form, yet still in vain, to hide.

## LANQUET.

As I, to cool me, bathed one sultry day,  
 Fond Lydia, lurking in the sedges lay :  
 The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,  
 Yet oft she stopp'd, and oft she turn'd her eye.

## HOBBINOL.

When first I saw (would I had never seen !)  
 Young Lyset lead the dance on yonder green,  
 Intent upon her beauties, as she moved,  
 Poor heedless wretch ! at unawares I loved.

## LANQUET.

When Lucy decks with flowers her swelling breast,  
 And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest,  
 Unable to refrain my madding mind,  
 Nor herds, nor pasture, worth my care I find.

## HOBBINOL.

Come, Rosalind, O come ! for, wanting thee,  
 Our peopled vale a desert is to me.  
 Come, Rosalind, O come ! my brinded kine,  
 My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, are thine.

## LANQUET.

Come, Rosalind, O come ! Here shady bowers,  
 Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers :  
 Come, Rosalind ! Here ever let us stay,  
 And sweetly waste the live-long time away.

## HOBBINOL.

In vain the season of the moon I know,  
 The force of healing herbs, and where they grow :  
 No herb there is, no season, to remove  
 From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

## LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in charms have skill,  
And ghosts and goblins order as I will,  
Yet have, with all my charms, no power to lay  
The sprite that breaks my quiet night and day?

## HOBBINOL.

O, that, like Colin, I had skill in rhymes,  
To purchase credit with succeeding times !  
Sweet Colin Clout ! who never yet had peer ;  
Who sung through all the seasons of the year.

## LANQUET.

Let me like Merlin sing : his voice had power  
To free the' eclipsing moon at midnight hour :  
And, as he sung, the fairies with their queen,  
In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green.

## HOBBINOL.

Last eve of May did I not hear them sing,  
And see their dance ? And I can show the ring,  
Where, hand in hand, they shift their feet so light :  
The grass springs greener from their tread by night.

## LANQUET.

But hast thou seen their king, in rich array,  
Famed Oberon, with damask'd robe so gay,  
And gemmy crown, by moonshine sparkling far,  
And azure sceptre, pointed with a star ?

## GERON.

Here end your pleasing strife. Both victors are ;  
And both with Colin may, in rhyme, compare.  
A boxen hautboy, loud and sweet of sound,  
All varnish'd and with brazen ringlets bound,

To each I give. A mizzling mist descends  
Adown that steepy rock: and this way tends  
Yon distant rain. Shoreward the vessels strive;  
And see, the boys their flocks to shelter drive.

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### THE STRAY NYMPH.

CEASE your music, gentle swains :  
Saw ye Delia cross the plains ?  
Every thicket, every grove,  
Have I ranged, to find my love :  
A kid, a lamb, my flock, I give,  
Tell me only, doth she live ?  
White her skin as mountain-snow ;  
In her cheek the roses blow ;  
And her eye is brighter far  
Than the beamy morning star.  
When her ruddy lip ye view,  
'Tis a berry moist with dew :  
And her breath, oh ! 'tis a gale  
Passing o'er a fragrant vale,  
Passing, when a friendly shower  
Freshens every herb and flower.  
Wide her bosom opens, gay  
As the primrose-dell in May,  
Sweet as violet-borders growing  
Over fountains ever flowing.  
Like the tendrils of the vine,  
Do her auburn tresses twine,  
Glossy ringlets all behind  
Streaming buxom to the wind,

When along the lawn she bounds  
Light, as hind before the hounds :  
And the youthful ring she fires,  
Hopeless in their fond desires,  
As her flitting feet advance,  
Wanton in the winding dance.

Tell me, shepherds, have ye seen  
My delight, my love, my queen ?

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### THE HAPPY SWAIN.

HAVE ye seen the morning sky,  
When the dawn prevails on high,  
When, anon, some purple ray  
Gives a sample of the day ;  
When, anon, the lark on wing  
Strives to soar, and strains to sing ?

Have ye seen the' etherial blue  
Gently shedding silvery dew,  
Spangling o'er the silent green,  
While the nightingale, unseen,  
To the moon and stars, full bright,  
Lonesome chants the hymn of night ?

Have ye seen the broider'd May  
All her scented bloom display,  
Breezes opening, every hour,  
This and that expecting flower,  
While the mingling birds prolong,  
From each bush, the vernal song ?

Have ye seen the damask rose  
Her unsullied blush disclose,

Or the lily's dewy bell,  
In her glossy white, excel,  
Or a garden varied o'er  
With a thousand glories more?

By the beauties these display,  
Morning, evening, night, or day,  
By the pleasures these excite,  
Endless sources of delight!  
Judge, by them, the joys I find,  
Since my Rosalind was kind,  
Since she did herself resign  
To my vows, for ever mine.

## EPISTLES.

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### TO A FRIEND,

WHO DESIRED ME TO WRITE ON THE DEATH OF KING  
WILLIAM. APRIL 20, 1702.

TRUST me, dear George, could I in verse but show  
What sorrow I, what sorrow all men, owe  
To Nassau's fate ; or could I hope to raise  
A song proportion'd to the monarch's praise ;  
Could I his merits, or my grief, express,  
And proper thoughts in proper language dress ;  
Unbidden should my pious numbers flow,  
The tribute of a heart o'ercharged with woe :  
But, rather than profane his sacred hearse  
With languid praises, and unhallow'd verse,  
My sighs I to myself in silence keep,  
And inwardly, with secret anguish, weep.

Let Halifax's Muse (he knew him well)  
His virtues to succeeding ages tell.  
Let him, who sung the warrior on the Boyne,  
(Provoking Dorset in the task to join)  
And show'd the hero more than man before,  
Let him the' illustrious mortal's fate deplore ;  
A mournful theme ; while, on raw pinions, I  
But flutter, and make weak attempts to fly ;  
Content, if, to divert my vacant time,  
I can but like some lovesick fopling rhyme,

To some kind-hearted mistress make my court,  
And, like a modish wit, in sonnet sport.

Let others, more ambitious, rack their brains  
In polish'd sentiments, and labour'd strains:  
To blooming Phyllis I a song compose,  
And, for a rhyme, compare her to the rose;  
Then, while my fancy works, I write down morn,  
To paint the blush that does her cheek adorn;  
And, when the whiteness of her skin I show,  
With ecstasy bethink myself of snow.  
Thus, without pains, I tinkle in the close,  
And sweeten into verse insipid prose.

The country scraper, when he wakes his crowd,  
And makes the tortured cat-gut squeak aloud,  
Is often ravish'd, and in transport lost:  
What more, my friend, can famed Corelli boast,  
When harmony herself from heaven descends,  
And on the artist's moving bow attends?

Why then, in making verses, should I strain  
For wit, and of Apollo beg a vein?  
Why study Horace and the Stagyrite?  
Why cramp my dulness, and in torment write?  
Let me transgress by nature, not by rule,  
An artless idiot, not a studied fool,  
A Withers, not a Rymer; since I aim  
At nothing less, in writing, than a name.

FROM HOLLAND,  
TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND,  
IN THE YEAR 1703.

FROM Utrecht's silent walks, by winds, I send  
Health and kind wishes to my absent friend.  
The winter spent, I feel the poet's fire ;  
The sun advances, and the fogs retire :  
The genial spring unbinds the frozen earth,  
Dawns on the trees, and gives the primrose birth.  
Loosed from their friendly harbours, once again  
Confederate fleets assemble on the main :  
The voice of war the gallant soldier wakes ;  
And weeping Chloë parting kisses takes.  
On new-plumed wings the Roman eagle soars :  
The Belgic lion in full fury roars.  
Dispatch the leader from your happy coast,  
The hope of Europe, and Britannia's boast ;  
O, Marlborough, come ! fresh laurels for thee rise !  
One conquest more, and Gallia will grow wise.  
Meanwhile, my friend, the thickening shades I  
haunt,  
And smooth canals, and after rivulets pant :  
The smooth canals, alas ! too lifeless show,  
Nor to the eye, nor to the ear, they flow.  
Studious of ease, and fond of humble things,  
Below the smiles, below the frowns of kings,  
Thanks to my stars, I prize the sweets of life :  
No sleepless nights I count, no days of strife,  
Content to live, content to die, unknown,  
Lord of myself, accountable to none ;

I sleep, I wake, I drink; I sometimes love;  
I read, I write; I settle, and I rove,  
When, and where'er, I please: thus, every hour  
Gives some new proof of my despotic power.  
All, that I will, I can; but then, I will  
As reason bids; I meditate no ill;  
And, pleased with things which in my level lie,  
Leave it to madmen o'er the clouds to fly.

But this is all romance, a dream to you,  
Who fence and dance, and keep the court in view.  
While staffs and truncheons, seals and golden keys,  
And silver stars, your towering genius please:  
Such manly thoughts in every infant rise,  
Who daily for some tinsel trinket cries.

Go on, and prosper, sir: but first from me  
Learn your own temper; for I know you free.  
You can be honest; but you cannot bow,  
And cringe, beneath a supercilious brow:  
You cannot fawn; your stubborn soul recoils  
At baseness; and your blood too highly boils.  
From nature some submissive tempers have;  
Unkind to you, she form'd you not a slave.  
A courtier must be supple, full of guile,  
Must learn to praise, to flatter, to revile,  
The good, the bad, an enemy, a friend,  
To give false hopes, and on false hopes depend.  
Go on, and prosper, sir; but learn to hide  
Your upright spirit; 't will be construed pride.  
The splendour of a court is all a cheat;  
You must be servile, ere you can be great.  
Besides, your ancient patrimony wasted,  
Your youth run out, your schemes of grandeur  
You may perhaps retire in discontent, [blasted,  
And curse your patron, for no strange event:

The patron will his innocence protest,  
And frown in earnest, though he smiled in jest.

Man, only from himself, can suffer wrong ;  
His reason fails, as his desires grow strong :  
Hence, wanting ballast, and too full of sail,  
He lies exposed to every rising gale.  
From youth to age, for happiness he's bound :  
He splits on rocks, or runs his bark aground ;  
Or, wide of land, a desert ocean views,  
And, to the last, the flying port pursues ;  
Yet, to the last, the port he does not gain,  
And dying finds, too late, he lived in vain.

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TO

## THE EARL OF DORSET.

COPENHAGEN, MARCH 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,  
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,  
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,  
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing ?  
The hoary winter here conceals from sight  
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.  
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,  
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,  
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,  
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,  
No birds within the desert region sing.  
The ships, unmoved, the boisterous winds defy,  
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.

The vast leviathan wants room to play,  
And spout his waters in the face of day.  
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,  
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.  
O'er many a shining league the level main  
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:  
There solid billows of enormous size,  
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, even here,  
The winter in a lovely dress appear.  
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,  
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,  
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,  
And the descending rain unsullied froze.  
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,  
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view  
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,  
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:  
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,  
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;  
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,  
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.  
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes  
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field. [yield,  
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,  
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:  
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,  
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine.  
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,  
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When if a sudden gust of wind arise,  
The brittle forest into atoms flies,  
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,  
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends;

Or, if a southern gale the region warm,  
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,  
The traveller a miry country sees,  
And journeys sad, beneath the dropping trees:  
Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads [meads.  
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious  
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,  
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,  
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,  
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,  
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,  
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear;  
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,  
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

---

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

ONE OF THE LORDS JUSTICES APPOINTED BY HIS  
MAJESTY. 1714.

PATRON of verse, O Halifax, attend,  
The Muse's favourite, and the poet's friend !  
Approaching joys my ravish'd thoughts inspire :  
I feel the transport ; and my soul's on fire !

Again Britannia rears her awful head :  
Her fears, transplanted, to her foes are fled.  
Again her standard she displays to view ;  
And all its faded lilies bloom anew.  
Here beauteous Liberty salutes the sight,  
Still pale, nor yet recover'd of her fright,  
Whilst here Religion, smiling to the skies,  
Her thanks expresses with uplifted eyes.

But who advances next, with cheerful grace,  
Joy in her eye, and plenty in her face ?  
A wheaten garland does her head adorn :  
O Property ! O goddess, English-born ! [mourn !  
Where hast thou been ? How did the wealthy  
The bankrupt nation sigh'd for thy return,  
Doubtful for whom her spreading funds were fill'd,  
Her fleets were freighted, and her fields were till'd.

No longer now shall France and Spain combined,  
Strong in their golden Indies, awe mankind.  
Brave Catalans, who for your freedom strive,  
And in your shatter'd bulwarks yet survive,  
For you alone, worthy a better fate,  
O, may this happy change not come too late !  
Great in your sufferings !—But, my Muse, forbear ;  
Nor damp the public gladness with a tear :  
The hero has received their just complaint,  
Graced with the name of our famed patron-saint :  
Like him, with pleasure he forgoes his rest,  
And longs, like him, to succour the distress'd.  
Firm to his friends, tenacious of his word,  
As Justice calls, he draws or sheathes the sword ;  
Matured by thought, his councils shall prevail :  
Nor shall his promise to his people fail.

He comes, desire of nations, England's boast !  
Already has he reach'd the Belgian coast.  
Our great deliverer comes ! and with him brings  
A progeny of late succeeding kings,  
Fated to triumph o'er Britannia's foes  
In distant years, and fix the world's repose.

The floating squadrons now approach the shore ;  
Lost in the sailors' shouts the cannons' roar :  
And now, behold, the sovereign of the main,  
High on the deck, amidst the shining train,

Surveys the subject flood. An eastern gale  
Plays through the shrouds, and swells in every sail :  
The' obsequious waves his new dominion own,  
And gently waft their monarch to his throne.  
Now the glad Britons hail their king to land,  
Hang on the rocks, and blacken all the strand :  
But who the silent ecstasy can show,  
The passions which in nobler bosoms glow ?  
Who can describe the godlike patriot's zeal ?  
Or who, my lord, your generous joys reveal ?  
Ordain'd, once more, our treasure to advance,  
Retrieve our trade, and sink the pride of France ;  
Once more the long-neglected arts to raise,  
And form each rising genius for the bays.

Accept the present of a grateful song ;  
This prelude may provoke the learned throng :  
To Cam and Isis shall the joyful news,  
By me convey'd, awaken every Muse.  
E'en now the vocal tribe in verse conspires ;  
And I already hear their sounding lyres :  
To them the mighty labour I resign,  
Give up the theme, and quit the tuneful Nine.  
So when the Spring first smiles among the trees,  
And blossoms open to the vernal breeze,  
The watchful nightingale, with early strains,  
Summons the warblers of the woods and plains,  
But drops her music, when the choir appear,  
And listens to the concert of the year.

TO THE

## HONOURABLE JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

AT HAMPTON-COURT, SECRETARY AT WAR, 1717.

THOUGH Britain's hardy troops demand your care,  
And cheerful friends your hours of leisure share ;  
O, Craggs, for candour known ! indulge awhile  
My fond desire, and on my labour smile :  
Nor count it always an abuse of time  
To read a long epistle, though in rhyme.

To you I send my thoughts, too long confined,  
And ease the burthen of a loyal mind ;  
To you my secret transports I disclose,  
That rise above the languid powers of prose.  
But, while these artless numbers you peruse,  
Think 'tis my heart that dictates, not the Muse ;  
My heart, which at the name of Brunswick fires,  
And no assistance from the Muse requires.

Believe me, sir, your breast, that glows with zeal  
For George's glory, and the public weal,  
Your breast alone feels more pathetic heats ;  
Your heart alone with stronger raptures beats.

When I review the great examples pass'd,  
And to the former ages join the last ;  
Still, as the godlike heroes to me rise,  
In arms triumphant, and in councils wise,  
The king is ever present to my mind ;  
His greatness, traced in every page, I find :  
The Greek and Roman pens his virtues tell,  
And under shining names on Brunswick dwell.

At Hampton while he breathes untainted air,  
And seems, to vulgar eyes, devoid of care ;  
The British Muses to the grove will press,  
Tune their melodious harps, and claim access :  
But let them not too rashly touch the strings ;  
For Fate allows no solitude to kings.

Hail to the shades, where William, great in arms,  
Retired from conquest to Maria's charms !  
Where George serene in majesty appears,  
And plans the wonders of succeeding years !  
There, as he walks, his comprehensive mind  
Surveys the globe, and takes in all mankind :  
While, Britain, for thy sake he wears the crown ;  
To spread thy power as wide as his renown :  
To make thee umpire of contending states,  
And poise the balance in the world's debates.

From the smooth terrace as he casts his eye,  
And sees the current seaward rolling by ;  
What schemes of commerce rise in his designs !  
Pledges of wealth ! and unexhausted mines !  
Through winds and waves, beneath inclement skies,  
Where stars, distinguish'd by no name, arise,  
Our fleets shall undiscover'd lands explore,  
And a new people hear our cannons roar.

The rivers, long in ancient story famed,  
Shall flow obscure, nor with the Thames be named :  
Nor shall our poets copy from their praise,  
And Nymphs and Syrens to thy honour raise ;  
Nor make thy banks with Tritons' shells resound,  
Nor bind thy brows with humble sedges round :  
But paint thee as thou art : a peopled stream !  
The boast of merchants, and the sailors' theme !  
Whose spreading floods unnumber'd ships sustain,  
And pour whole towns afloat into the main ;

While the redundant seas waft up fresh stores,  
The daily tribute of far distant shores.

Back to thy source I try thy silver-train,  
That gently winds through many a fertile plain ;  
Where flocks and lowing herds in plenty feed,  
And shepherds tune at ease the vocal reed :  
Ere yet thy waters meet the briny tide,  
And freighted vessels down thy channel ride ;  
Ere yet thy billows leave their banks behind,  
Swell into state, and foam before the wind :  
Thy sovereign's emblem ! in thy course complete !  
When I behold him in his loved retreat,  
Where rural scenes their pleasing views disclose,  
A silvan deity the monarch shows ;  
And if he only knew the wood to grace,  
To rouse the stag, and animate the chase :  
While every hour, from thence, his high commands,  
By speedy winds convey'd to various lands,  
Control affairs ; give weighty councils birth ;  
And sway the mighty rulers of the earth.

Were he, our island's glory and defence,  
To reign unactive, at the world's expense ;  
Say, generous Craggs, who then should quell the  
Of lawless Faction, and reform the age ? [rage  
Who should our dear-bought liberties maintain ?  
Who fix our leagues with France, and treat with  
Spain ? [Czar ;  
Who check the headstrong Swede ; assuage the  
Secure our peace, and quench the northern war ?  
The Turk, though he the Christian name defies,  
And curses Eugene, yet from Eugene flies,  
His cause to Brunswick's equity dare trust ;  
He knows him valiant, and concludes him just :

He knows his fame in early youth acquired,  
When turban'd hosts before his sword retired.

Thus while his influence to the poles extends,  
Or where the day begins, or where it ends,  
Far from our coasts he drives off all alarms ;  
And those his power protects, his goodness charms.  
Great in himself, and undebased with pride,  
The sovereign lays his regal state aside,  
Pleased to appear without the bright disguise  
Of pomp ; and on his inborn worth relies.  
His subjects are his guests ; and daily boast  
The condescension of their royal host :  
While crowds succeeding crowds on either hand,  
A ravish'd multitude, admiring stand.  
His manly wit and sense, with candour join'd,  
His speech with every elegance refined,  
His winning aspect, his becoming ease,  
Peculiar graces all, conspire to please,  
And render him to every heart approved ;  
The king respected, and the man beloved.

Nor is his force of genius less admired :  
When most from crowds or public cares retired,  
The learned arts, by turns, admittance find ;  
At once unbend and exercise his mind.  
The secret springs of Nature, long conceal'd,  
And to the wise by slow degrees reveal'd,  
(Delightful search !) his piercing thought descries.  
Oft through the concave azure of the skies  
His soul delights to range, a boundless space,  
Which myriads of celestial glories grace ;  
Worlds behind worlds, that deep in ether lie,  
And suns, that twinkle to the distant eye ;  
Or call them stars, on which our fates depend,  
And every ruling star is Brunswick's friend.

Soon as the rising Sun shoots o'er the stream,  
And gilds the palace with a ruddy beam,  
You to the healthful chase attend the king,  
And hear the forest with the huntsmen ring :  
While in the dusty town we rule the state,  
And from gazettes determine England's fate.  
Our groundless hopes and groundless fears prevail  
As artful brokers comment on the mail.  
Deafen'd with news, with politics oppress'd,  
I wish the wind ne'er varied from the west.  
Secure, on George's councils I rely,  
Give up my cares, and Britain's foes defy.  
What though cabals are form'd, and impious  
leagues ?

Though Rome fills Europe with her dark intrigues ?  
His vigilance, on every state intent,  
Defeats their plots, and overrules the' event.

But whither do my vain endeavours tend ?  
Or how shall I my rash attempt defend ?  
Divided in my choice, from praise to praise  
I rove, bewilder'd in the pleasing maze.  
One virtue mark'd, another I pursue,  
While yet another rises to my view.  
Unequal to the task, too late I find  
The growing theme unfinish'd left behind.  
Thus, the deluded bee, in hopes to drain  
At once the thymy treasure of the plain,  
Wide ranging, on her little pinions toils,  
And skims o'er hundred flowers for one she spoils :  
When, soon o'erburthen'd with the fragrant weight,  
Homeward she flies, and flags beneath her freight.

TO

## LORD CARTERET,

DEPARTING FROM DUBLIN. 1726.

BEHOLD, Britannia waves her flag on high,  
And calls forth breezes from the western sky,  
And beckons to her son, and smooths the tide,  
That does Hibernia from her cliffs divide.

Go, Carteret, go ; and, with thee, go along  
The nation's blessing, and the poet's song ;  
Loud acclamations, with melodious lays,  
The kindest wishes, and sincerest praise.

Go, Carteret, go ; and bear my joys away !  
So speaks the Muse, that fain would bid thee stay :  
So spoke the virgin, to the youth unkind,  
Who gave his vows, and canvass, to the wind,  
And promised to return ; but never more  
Did he return to the Threician shore.

Go, Carteret, go : alas, a tedious while  
Hast thou been absent from thy mother-isle ;  
A slow-paced train of months to thee and thine,  
A flight of moments to a heart like mine,  
That feels perfections, and resigns with pain  
Enjoyments I may never know again.

O, while mine eye pursues the fading sails,  
Smooth roll, ye waves, and steady breathe, ye gales,  
And urge with gentle speed to Albion's strand  
A household fair, amidst the fairest land,  
In every decency of life polite,  
A freight of virtues, wafting from my sight !

And now farewell, O early in renown,  
Illustrious, young, in labours for the crown,  
Just, and benign, and vigilant, in power,  
And elegant to grace the vacant hour,  
Relaxing sweet ! Nor are we born to wear  
The brow still bent, and give up life to care.  
And thou, mild glory, beaming round his fame,  
Francisca, thou, his first, his latest flame ;  
Parent of bloom ! in pleasing arts refined !  
Farewell thy hand, and voice, in music join'd ;  
Thy courtesy, as soothing as thy song,  
And smiles soft-gleaming on the courtly throng :  
And thou, Charissa, hastening to thy prime,  
And Carolina, chiding tardy Time,  
Who every tender wish of mine divide,  
For whom I strung the lyre, once laid aside,  
Receive, and bear in mind, my fond farewell,  
Thrive on in life ! and, thriving on, excell !

Accept this token, Carteret, of good-will,  
The voice of nature, undebased by skill,  
These parting numbers, cadenced by my grief,  
For thy loved sake, and for my own relief,  
If aught, alas, thy absence may relieve,  
Now I am left, perhaps, through life to grieve :  
Yet would I hope, yet hope I know not why,  
(But hopes and wishes in one balance lie)  
Thou mayst revisit, with thy wonted smiles,  
Iérla, island set around with isles :  
May the same heart, that bids thee now adieu,  
Salute thy sails, and hail thee into view !

## O D E S.

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### SONG.

FROM White's and Will's  
To purling rills  
The love-sick Strephon flies ;  
There, full of woe,  
His numbers flow,  
And all in rhyme he dies.

The fair coquette,  
With feign'd regret,  
Invites him back to town ;  
But, when in tears  
The youth appears,  
She meets him with a frown.

Full oft the maid  
This prank had play'd,  
Till angry Strephon swore,  
And, what is strange,  
Though loath to change,  
Would never see her more.

---

### SONG.

WHY we love, and why we hate,  
Is not granted us to know :  
Random chance, or wilful fate,  
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,  
 Madness 'tis in me to grieve :  
 Since her will is not her own,  
 Why should I uneasy live ?

If I for Zelinda die,  
 Deaf to poor Mizella's cries :  
 Ask not me the reason why ?  
 Seek the riddle in the skies.

---

## TO SIGNORA CUZZONI.

MAY 25, 1724.

LITTLE syren of the stage,  
 Charmer of an idle age,  
 Empty warbler, breathing lyre,  
 Wanton gale of fond desire,  
 Bane of every manly art,  
 Sweet enfeebler of the heart !  
 O, too pleasing in thy strain,  
 Hence, to southern climes again !  
 Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,  
 To this island bid farewell ;  
 Leave us as we ought to be,  
 Leave the Britons rough and free.

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TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

JUNE 30, 1718.

WEEPING o'er thy sacred urn,  
 Ever shall the Muses mourn ;  
 Sadly shall their numbers flow,  
 Ever elegant in woe.

Thousands, nobly born, shall die,  
Thousands in oblivion lie;  
Names, which leave no trace behind,  
Like the clouds before the wind,  
When the dusky shadows pass,  
Lightly fleeting o'er the grass.

But, O Halifax, thy name  
Shall through ages rise in fame :  
Sweet remembrance shalt thou find,  
Sweet in every noble mind.

---

## TO THE

## HONOURABLE MISS CARTERET.

BLOOM of beauty, early flower  
Of the blissful bridal bower,  
Thou, thy parents' pride and care,  
Fairest offspring of the fair,  
Lovely pledge of mutual love,  
Angel seeming from above,  
Was it not thou day by day  
Dost thy very sex betray,  
Female more and more appear,  
Female, more than angel dear,  
How to speak thy face and mien,  
(Soon too dangerous to be seen)  
How shall I, or shall the Muse,  
Language of resemblance choose ?  
Language like thy mien and face,  
Full of sweetness, full of grace !  
By the next returning spring,  
When again the linnets sing,

When again the lambkins play,  
Pretty sportlings full of May,  
When the meadows next are seen,  
Sweet enamel! white and green,  
And the year in fresh attire  
Welcomes every gay desire,  
Blooming on shalt thou appear,  
More inviting than the year,  
Fairer sight than orchard shows,  
Which beside a river blows:  
Yet another spring I see,  
And a brighter bloom in'st thee:  
And another round of time,  
Circling, still improves thy prime:  
And, beneath the vernal skies,  
Yet a verdure more shall rise,  
Ere thy beauties, kindling slow,  
In each finish'd feature glow,  
Ere, in smiles and in disdain,  
Thou exert thy maiden reign,  
Absolute to save, or kill,  
Fond beholders, at thy will.  
Then the taper-moulded waist  
With a span of ribbon braced,  
And the swell of either breast,  
And the wide high-vaulted chest,  
And the neck so white and round,  
Little neck with brilliants bound,  
And the store of charms which shine  
Above, in lineaments divine,  
Crowded in a narrow space  
To complete the desperate face,  
These alluring powers, and more,  
Shall enamour'd youths adore;

These, and more, in courtly lays,  
Many an aching heart shall praise.

Happy thrice, and thrice again,  
Happiest he of happy men,  
Who, in courtship greatly sped,  
Wins the damsel to his bed,  
Bears the virgin-prize away,  
Counting life one nuptial day :  
For the dark-brown dusk of hair,  
Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,  
Down the veiny temples growing,  
O'er the sloping shoulders flowing,  
And the smoothly pencil'd brow,  
Mild to him in every vow,  
And the fringed lid below,  
Thin as thinnest blossoms blow,  
And the hazely-lucid eye,  
Whence heart-winning glances fly,  
And that cheek of health, o'erspread  
With soft-blended white and red,  
And the witching smiles which break  
Round those lips, which sweetly speak,  
And thy gentleness of mind,  
Gentle from a gentle kind,  
These endowments, heavenly dower !  
Brought him in the promised hour,  
Shall for ever bind him to thee,  
Shall renew him still to woo thee,

ON THE DEATH OF  
WILLIAM EARL COWPER.

## STROPHE I.

WAKE the British harp again,  
To a sad melodious strain ;  
Wake the harp, whose every string,  
When Halifax resign'd his breath,  
Accused inexorable Death ;  
For I, once more, must in affliction sing,  
One song of sorrow more bestow,  
The burden of a heart o'ercharged with woe :  
Yet, O my soul, if aught may bring relief,  
Full many grieving, shall applaud thy grief,  
The pious verse that Cowper does deplore,  
Whom all the boasted powers of verse cannot  
restore.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

Not to her, his fondest care,  
Not to his loved offspring fair,  
Nor his country ever dear,  
From her, from them, from Britain torn :  
With her, with them, does Britain mourn :  
His name, from every eye, calls forth a tear ;  
And, intermingling sighs with praise,  
All good men wish the number of his days  
Had been to him twice told, and twice again,  
In that seal'd book, where all things which pertain  
To mortal man, whatever things befall,  
Are from eternity confirm'd, beyond recall :

## EPODE I.

Where every loss, and every gain,  
Where every grief, and every joy,  
Every pleasure, every pain,  
Each bitter, and each sweet alloy,  
To us uncertain though they flow,  
Are pre-ordain'd, and fix'd, above.  
Too wretched state, did man foreknow  
Those ills, which man cannot remove !  
Vain is wisdom for preventing  
What the wisest live lamenting.

## STROPHE II.

Hither sent, who knows the day  
When he shall be call'd away ?  
Various is the term assign'd :  
An hour, a day, some months, or years,  
The breathing soul on earth appears ;  
But through the swift succession of mankind,  
Swarm after swarm ! a busy race,  
The strength of cities, or of courts the grace,  
Or who in camps delight, or who abide  
Diffused o'er lands, or float on oceans wide,  
Of them, though many here long lingering dwell,  
And see their children's children, yet, how few  
excel !

## ANTISTROPHE II.

Here we come, and hence we go,  
Shadows passing to and fro,  
Seen a while, forgotten soon :  
But thou, to fair distinction born,  
Thou, Cowper, beamy in the morn  
Of life, still brightening to the pitch of noon,

Scarce verging to the steep decline,  
 Hence summon'd while thy virtues radiant shine,  
 Thou, singled out the fosterling of fame,  
 Secure of praise, nor less secured from blame,  
 Shalt be remember'd with a fond applause,  
 So long as Britons own the same indulgent laws.

## EPODE II.

United in one public weal,  
 Rejoicing in one freedom, all,  
 Cowper's hand applied the seal,  
 And levell'd the partition-wall.  
 The chosen seeds of great events  
 Are thinly sown, and slowly rise :  
 And time the harvest-scythe presents,  
 In season, to the good and wise :  
 Hymning to the harp my story,  
 Fain would I record his glory.

## STROPHE III.

Pouring forth, with heavy heart,  
 Truth unleaven'd, pure of art,  
 Like the hallow'd bard of yore,  
 Who chanted in authentic rhymes  
 The worthies of the good old times,  
 Ere living vice in verse was varnish'd o'er,  
 And virtue died without a song.  
 Support of friendless right, to powerful wrong  
 A check, behold him in the judgment seat !  
 Twice, there, approved, in righteousness complete :  
 In just awards, how gracious ! tempering law  
 With mercy, and reproving with a winning awe.

## ANTISTROPHE III.

Hear him speaking, and you hear  
Reason tuneful to the ear !  
Lips with thymy language sweet,  
Distilling on the hearer's mind  
The balm of wisdom, speech refined ;  
Celestial gifts !—Oh, when the nobles meet,  
When next, thou sea-surrounded land,  
Thy nobles meet at Brunswick's high command :  
In vain they shall the charmer's voice desire !  
In vain those lips of eloquence require !  
That mild conviction which the soul assails  
By soft alarms, and with a gentle force prevails !

## EPODE III.

To such persuasion, willing yields  
The liberal mind, in freedom train'd,  
Freedom, which in crimson'd fields,  
By hardy toil, our fathers gain'd,  
Inheritance of long descent !  
The sacred pledge so dearly prized  
By that bless'd spirit we lament :  
Grief-easing lays, by grief devised,  
Plaintive numbers, gently flowing,  
Sooth the sorrows to him owing !

## STROPHE IV.

Early on his growing heir,  
Stamp what time may not impair  
As he grows ; that coming years,  
Or youthful pleasures, or the vain  
Gigantic phantom of the brain,  
Ambition ! breeding monstrous hopes and fears,

Or worthier cares, to youth unknown,  
 Ennobling manhood ! flower of life full-blown,  
 May never wear the bosom-image faint :  
 O, let him prove what words but weakly paint,  
 The lively lovely semblance of his sire,  
 A model to his son ! that ages may admire !

## ANTISTROPHE IV.

Every virtue, every grace,  
 Still renewing in the race,  
 Once thy father's pleasing hope,  
 Thy widow'd mother's comfort now ;  
 No fuller bliss does Heaven allow,  
 While we behold yon wide-spread azure cope  
 With burning stars thick-lusted o'er,  
 Than to enjoy, and to deserve, a store  
 Of treasured fame, by blameless deeds acquired,  
 By all unenvied, and by all desired,  
 Free-gift of men, the tribute of good-will !  
 Rich in this patrimony fair, increase it still.

## EPODE IV.

The fulness of content remains  
 Above the yet unfathom'd skies,  
 Where, triumphant, gladness reigns,  
 Where wishes cease, and pleasures rise  
 Beyond all wish ; where bitter tears  
 For dying friends are never shed ;  
 Where, sighing, none desire pass'd years  
 Recall'd, or wish the future fled.  
 Mournful measures, O, relieve me !  
 Sweet remembrance ! cease to grieve me.

## STROPHE V.

He the robe of justice wore  
Sullied not, as heretofore,  
When the magistrate was sought  
With yearly gifts. Of what avail  
Are guilty hoards? for life is frail;  
And we are judged where favour is not bought.  
By him forewarn'd, thou frantic isle,  
How did the thirst of gold thy sons beguile!  
Beneath the specious ruin thousands groan'd,  
By him, alas, forewarn'd, by him bemoan'd.  
Where shall his like, on earth, be found? oh, when  
Shall I, once more, behold the most beloved of men!

## ANTISTROPHE V.

Winning aspect! winning mind!  
Soul and body aptly join'd!  
Searching thought, engaging wit,  
Enabled to instruct, or please,  
Uniting dignity with ease.  
By Nature form'd for every purpose fit,  
Endearing excellence!—O, why  
Is such perfection born, and born to die?  
Or do such rare endowments still survive,  
As plants removed to milder regions thrive,  
In one eternal spring? and we bewail  
The parting soul, new-born to life that cannot fail,

## EPODE V.

Where sacred friendship, plighted love,  
Parental joys, unmix'd with care,  
Through perpetual time improve?  
Or do the deathless blessed share

Sublimer raptures, unreveal'd,  
Beyond our weak conception pure ?  
But, while those glories lie conceal'd,  
The righteous count the promise sure,  
Trials to the last enduring,  
To the last their hope securing.

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TO THE

## RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PULTENEY.

MAY 1, 1723.

WHO, much distinguish'd, yet is bless'd ?  
Who, dignified above the rest,  
Does still unenvied live ?  
Not to the man whose wealth abounds,  
Nor to the man whose fame resounds,  
Does Heaven such favour give,  
Nor to the noble-born, nor to the strong,  
Nor to the gay, the beautiful, or young.

Whom then, secure of happiness,  
Does every eye beholding bless,  
And every tongue commend ?  
Him, Pulteney, who, possessing store,  
Is not solicitous of more,  
Who, to mankind a friend,  
Nor envies, nor is envied by, the great,  
Polite in courts, polite in his retreat :

Whose unambitious, active soul  
Attends the welfare of the whole,  
When public storms arise ;  
And, in the calm, a thousand ways  
Diversifies his nights and days,  
Still elegantly wise ;

While books, each morn, the lightsome soul invite,  
And friends, with season'd mirth, improve the night.

In him do men no blemish see ;  
And factions in his praise agree,  
When most they vex the state :  
Distinguis'd favourite of the skies,  
Beloved he lives, lamented dies :

Yet, shall he not to Fate  
Submit entire ; the rescuing Muse shall save  
His precious name, and win him from the grave.

Too frail is brass and polish'd stone ;  
Perpetual fame the Muse alone  
On merit can bestow :  
Yet, must the time-enduring song,  
The verse unrivall'd by the throng,  
From Nature's bounty flow :

The' ungifted tribe in metre pass away,  
Oblivion's sport, the poets of a day.

What laws shall o'er the ode preside ?  
In vain would Art presume to guide  
The chariot-wheels of Praise,  
When Fancy, driving, ranges free,  
Fresh flowers selecting, like the bee,  
And regularly strays,  
While Nature does, disdaining aids of skill,  
The mind with thought, the ears with numbers fill.

As when the Theban hymns divine  
Make proud Olympian victors shine  
In an eternal blaze,  
The varying measures, ever new,  
Unbeaten tracks of Fame pursue,  
While through the glorious maze  
The poet leads his heroes to renown,  
And weaves in verse a never-fading crown.

TO

MISS MARGARET PULTENEY,  
IN THE NURSERY.

(DAUGHTER OF DANIEL PULTENEY, ESQ.)

APRIL 27, 1727.

DIMPLY damsel, sweetly smiling,  
All caressing, none beguiling,  
Bud of beauty, fairly blowing,  
Every charm to Nature owing,  
This and that new thing admiring,  
Much of this and that inquiring,  
Knowledge by degrees attaining,  
Day by day some virtue gaining,  
Ten years hence, when I leave chiming,  
Beardless poets, fondly rhyming,  
(Fescued now, perhaps, in spelling.)  
On thy riper beauties dwelling,  
Shall accuse each killing feature  
Of the cruel, charming creature,  
Whom I knew complying, willing,  
Tender, and averse from killing.

---

TO

MISS CHARLOTTE PULTENEY,  
IN HER MOTHER'S ARMS.

MAY 1, 1724.

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,  
Fondling of a happy pair,  
Every morn, and every night,  
Their solicitous delight,

Sleeping, waking, still at ease,  
Pleasing, without skill to please ;  
Little gossip, blithe and hale,  
Tattling many a broken tale,  
Singing many a tuneless song, .  
Lavish of a heedless tongue ;  
Simple maiden, void of art,  
Babbling out the very heart,  
Yet abandon'd to thy will,  
Yet imagining no ill,  
Yet too innocent to blush,  
Like the linnet in the bush,  
To the mother-linnet's note  
Modul ing her slender throat,  
Chirping forth thy petty joys,  
Wanton in the change of toys,  
Like the linnet green, in May,  
Flitting to each bloomy spray,  
Wearied then, and glad of rest,  
Like the linnet in the nest.  
This thy present happy lot,  
This, in time, will be forgot :  
Other pleasures, other cares,  
Ever-busy Time prepares ;  
And thou shalt in thy daughter see,  
This picture, once, resembled thee.

TO THE

## RIGHT HON. ROBERT WALPOLE.

JUNE 15, 1724.

VOTARY to public zeal,  
Minister of England's weal,  
Have you leisure for a song,  
Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,  
Swift and sweet in every measure,  
Tell me, Walpole, have you leisure ?  
Nothing lofty will I sing,  
Nothing of the favourite king ;  
Something, rather, sung with ease,  
Simply elegant to please.

Fairy virgin, British Muse,  
Some unheard-of story choose :  
Choose the glory of the swain,  
Gifted with a magic strain,  
Swaging grief of every kind,  
Healing, with a verse, the mind :  
To him came a man of power,  
To him, in a cheerless hour ;  
When the swain, by Druids taught,  
Soon divined his irksome thought,  
Soon the maple harp he strung,  
Soon, with silver-accent, sung.

‘ Steerer of a mighty realm,  
Pilot waking o'er the helm,  
Blessing of thy native soil,  
Weary of a thankless toil,  
Cast repining thought behind,  
Give thy trouble to the wind.

Mortal, destined to excel,  
Bear the blame of doing well,  
Like the worthies great of old,  
In the list of Fame enroll'd.  
What, though titles thou decline ?  
Still the more thy virtues shine.  
Envy, with her serpent eye,  
Marks each-praise that soars on high.  
To thy lot resign thy will :  
Every good is mix'd with ill.  
See, the white unblemish'd rose  
On a thorny bramble blows :  
See, the torrent pouring rain  
Does the limpid fountain stain :  
See, the giver of the day  
Urgeth on, through clouds, his way :  
Nothing is entirely bless'd ;  
Envy does thy worth attest.

‘ Pleasing visions, at command,  
Answer to my voice and hand ;  
Quick, the blissful scene prepare,  
Sooth the patriot's heavy care :  
Visions, cheering to the sight,  
Give him earnest of delight.

‘ Wise disposer of affairs,  
View the end of all thy cares !  
Forward cast thy ravish'd eyes,  
See the gladdening harvest rise :  
Lo, the people reap thy pain !  
Thine the labour, theirs the gain.  
Yonder turn, awhile, thy view,  
Turn thee to yon spreading yew,  
Once the gloomy tree of Fate,  
Once the plighted virgin's hate :

Now, no longer does it grow,  
 Parent of the warring bow :  
 See, beneath the guiltless shade,  
 Peasants shape the plough and spade,  
 Rescued ever from the fear  
 Of the whistling shaft and spear.  
 Lo, where Plenty comes, with Peace !  
 Hear the breath of murmur cease :  
 See, at last, unclouded days ;  
 Hear, at last, unenvied praise.  
 Nothing shall thy soul molest ;  
 Labour is the price of rest.  
 ‘ Mortal, destined to excel,  
 Bless the toil of doing well !’

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## SUPPLICATION FOR

## MISS CARTERET IN THE SMALL-POX.

Dublin, July 31, 1725.

POWER o'er every power supreme,  
 Thou the poet's hallow'd theme,  
 From thy mercy-seat on high,  
 Hear my numbers, hear my cry.  
 Breather of all vital breath,  
 Arbiter of life and death,  
 Oh ! preserve this innocence,  
 Yet unconscious of offence,  
 Yet in life and virtue growing,  
 Yet no debt to nature owing.  
 Thou, who givest angelic grace  
 To the blooming virgin face,  
 Let the fell disease not blight  
 What thou madest for man's delight :

O'er her features let it pass  
Like the breeze o'er springing grass.  
Gentle as refreshing showers  
Sprinkled over opening flowers.  
O, let years alone diminish  
Beauties thou wast pleased to finish.

To the pious parents give  
That the darling fair may live :  
Turn to blessings all their care,  
Save their fondness from despair.  
Mitigate the lurking pains  
Lodged within her tender veins ;  
Soften every throb of anguish,  
Suffer not her strength to languish :  
Take her to thy careful keeping,  
And prevent the mother's weeping.

---

TO  
MISS GEORGIANA,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER TO LORD CARTERET,

AUGUST 10, 1725.

LITTLE charm of placid mien,  
Miniature of Beauty's queen,  
Numbering years, a scanty nine,  
Stealing hearts without design ;  
Young inveigler, fond in wiles,  
Prone to mirth, profuse in smiles,  
Yet a novice in disdain,  
Pleasure giving without pain,  
Still caressing, still caress'd,  
Thou and all thy lovers bless'd,

Never teased, and never teasing,  
O, for ever pleased and pleasing!  
Hither, British Muse of mine,  
Hither all the Grecian Nine,  
With the lovely Graces three,  
And your promised nurseling see :  
Figure on her waxen mind  
Images of life refined ;  
Make it, as a garden gay,  
Every bud of thought display,  
Till, improving year by year,  
The whole culture shall appear,  
Voice, and speech, and action, rising,  
All to human sense surprising.  
Is the silken web so thin  
As the texture of her skin ?  
Can the lily and the rose  
Such unsullied hue disclose ?  
Are the violets so blue  
As her veins exposed to view ?  
Do the stars, in wintry sky,  
Twinkle brighter than her eye ?  
Has the morning lark a throat  
Sounding sweeter than her note ?  
Who e'er knew the like before thee ?  
They who knew the nymph that bore thee.  
From thy pastime and thy toys,  
From thy harmless cares and joys,  
Give me now a moment's time :  
When thou shalt attain thy prime,  
And thy bosom feel desire,  
Love the likeness of thy sire,  
One ordain'd, through life, to prove  
Still thy glory, still thy love.

Like thy sister, and like thee,  
Let thy nurtured daughters be :  
Semblance of the fair who bore thee,  
Trace the pattern set before thee.  
Where the Liffy meets the main,  
Has thy sister heard my strain :  
From the Liffy to the Thames,  
Minstrel echoes sing their names,  
Wafting to the willing ear  
Many a cadence sweet to hear,  
Smooth as gently breathing gales  
O'er the ocean and the vales,  
While the vessel calmly glides  
O'er the level glassy tides,  
While the summer flowers are springing,  
And the new-fledged birds are singing.



## Epigrams and short Poems.

---

UPON THE

### TOASTS OF THE HANOVER CLUB.

THE reigning fair on polish'd crystal shine,  
Enrich our glasses, and improve our wine.  
The favourite names we to our lips apply,  
Indulge our thoughts, and drink with ecstasy.

While these, the chosen beauties of our isle,  
Propitious on the cause of freedom smile,  
The rash Pretender's hopes we may despise,  
And trust Britannia's safety to their eyes.

---

ON A COMPANY OF

### BAD DANCERS TO GOOD MUSIC<sup>1</sup>.

How ill the motion with the music suits!  
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes.

---

### EPIGRAM.

GEORGE came to the crown without striking a blow:  
Ah, quoth the Pretender, would I could do so!

<sup>1</sup> This epigram is claimed by Mr. Jeffreys, and is printed in his works.

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION,  
WHAT IS THOUGHT?

THE hermit's solace in his cell,  
The fire that warms the poet's brain,  
The lover's heaven or his hell,  
The madman's sport, the wise man's pain.

---

TO  
MR. ADDISON, ON CATO.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdued,  
And the true poet is a public good :  
This Britain feels, while, by your lines inspired,  
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fired.  
In Rome had you espoused the vanquish'd cause,  
Inflamed her senate and upheld her laws,  
Your manly scenes had liberty restored,  
And given the just success to Cato's sword ;  
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd,  
And the Muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

---

ON WIT AND WISDOM.

A fragment.

IN search of Wisdom far from Wit I fly,  
Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,  
In whose bewitching arms our early time  
We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime :  
But when reflection comes with riper years,  
And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,  
We cast the mistress off to take a wife,  
And, wed to Wisdom, lead a happy life.

## EPITAPH.

THE FOLLOWING EPITAPH ON THE MONUMENT OF MY KINSMAN WAS WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF HER HUSBAND.

WITHIN the burial-vault near this Marble, lieth the body of PENELOPE, youngest daughter (and coheir with her sister ELIZABETH) to ROBERT PHILIPS of Newton-Regis, in the county of Warwick, Esquire. She died in her six-and-thirtieth year, on the 25th day of January, 1726.

LET THIS INSCRIPTION  
(Appealing yet to testimonies manifold)  
Recall to every surviving witness,  
And, for ensample, record to posterity,  
Her endowments,  
Whether owing to the indulgency of Nature,  
Or to the assiduous lessons of education,  
Or to the silent admonitions of reflection.  
To her parents, husband, children,  
In no care, no duty, no affection,  
Was she wanting,  
Receiving, deserving, winning,  
From them respectively,  
Equal endearments.  
Of countenance and of disposition,  
Open, cheerful, modest;  
Of behaviour, humble, courteous, easy;  
Of speech, affable, free, discreet;  
In civilities, punctual, sincere, and elegant;  
Prone to offices of kindness and good-will;  
To enmity a stranger;  
Forward, earnest, impatient,  
To succour the distressed,

To comfort the afflicted;  
Solicitous for the poor,  
And rich in store of alms :  
Whereby she became  
The delight, the love, the blessing, of all.  
In her household flourished  
Cheerfulness, due order, thrift, and plenty.  
In the closet retired,  
In the temple public.  
Morning and evening did she worship ;  
By instruction, by example,  
Sedulous to nurture her children in godliness :  
So prevalent her love to them,  
Visited with that sore disease,  
Which too often kills or blights  
The mother's fondest hopes,  
That (regardless of self-preservation)  
In piously watching over their lives,  
She, catching the infection, lost her own,  
Triumphing, through resignation,  
Over sickness, pain, anguish, agony,  
And (encompassed with tears and lamentations)  
Expiring in the fervour of prayer.

To the Memory, ever dear and precious, of his  
most affectionate, most beloved, and most de-  
serving wife, is this monument raised by Henry  
Vernon, of Hilton, in the county of Stafford,  
Esq. To him she bore five sons and two daugh-  
ters, all surviving, save Elizabeth; who, dying  
in her second year of the small-pox, some few  
days before, resteth by her mother.

## THE FABLE OF THULE,

UNFINISHED.

FAR northward as the Dane extends his sway,  
Where the sun glances but a sloping ray,  
Beneath the sharpest rigour of the skies,  
Disdainful Thule's wintry island lies.  
Unhappy maid! thy tale, forgotten long,  
Shall virgins learn from my instructive song,  
And every youth, who lingers in despair,  
By thy example warn the cruel fair.

In Cyprus, sacred to the queen of love,  
(Where stands her temple, and her myrtle grove,) Was Thule born, uncertain how: 'tis said  
Once Venus won Adonis to her bed,  
And pregnant grew, the birth to chance assign'd,  
In woods, and foster'd by the feather'd kind.  
With flowers some strew the helpless orphan round,  
With downy moss some spread the carpet ground,  
Some ripen'd fruits, some fragrant honey, bring;  
And some fetch water from the running spring;  
While others warble from the boughs, to cheer  
Their infant-charge, and tune her tender ear.  
Soon as the sun forsakes the evening skies,  
And hid in shades the gloomy forest lies,  
The nightingales their tuneful vigils keep,  
And lull her, with their gentler strains, to sleep.

This the prevailing rumour: as she grew,  
No dubious tokens spoke the rumour true.  
In every forming feature might be seen  
Some bright resemblance of the Cyprian queen:  
Nor was it hard the hunter youth to trace,  
In all her early passion of the chase:  
And when, on springing flowers reclined, she sung,  
The birds upon the bending branches hung,

While, warbling, she express'd their various strains,  
And, at a distance, charm'd the listening swains :  
So sweet her voice resounding through the wood,  
They thought the nymph some Syren from the flood.

Half human thus by lineage, half divine,  
In forests did the lonely beauty shine,  
Like woodland flowers which paint the desert glades  
And waste their sweets in unfrequented shades.  
No human face she saw, and rarely seen  
By human face : a solitary queen  
She ruled, and ranged, her shady empire round.  
No horn the silent huntress bears ; no hound,  
With noisy cry, disturbs her solemn chase,  
Swift, as the bounding stag, she wings her pace :  
And, bend whene'er she will her ebon bow,  
A speedy death arrests the flying foe.  
The bow the hunting goddess first supplied,  
And ivory quiver cross her shoulders tied.

The' imperious queen of Heaven, with jealous  
Beholds the blooming virgin from the skies, [eyes,  
At once admires, and dreads her growing charms,  
And sees the god already in her arms :  
In vain, she finds, her bitter tongue reproves  
His broken vows, and his clandestine loves :  
Jove still continues frail : and all in vain  
Does Thule in obscurest shades remain,  
While Maja's son, the thunderer's winged spy,  
Informs him where the lurking beauties lie.  
What sure expedient then shall Juno find,  
To calm her fears, and ease her boding mind ?  
Delays to jealous minds a torment prove ;  
And Thule ripens every day for love.

She mounts her car, and shakes the silken reins ;  
The harness'd peacocks spread their painted trains,

And smooth their glossy necks against the sun :  
 'The wheels along the level azure run,  
 Eastward the goddess guides her gaudy team,  
 And perfects, as she rides, her forming scheme.

The various orbs now pass'd, adown the steep  
 Of heaven the chariot whirls, and plunges deep  
 In fleecy clouds, which o'er the midland main  
 Hang poised in air, to bless the isles with rain :  
 And here the panting birds repose a while :  
 Nor so their queen ; she gains the Cyprian isle,  
 By speedy Zephyrs borne in thicken'd air :  
 Unseen she seeks, unseen she finds, the fair.

Now o'er the mountain tops the rising sun  
 Shot purple rays : now Thule had begun  
 Her morning chase, and printed in the dews  
 Her fleeting steps. The goddess now pursues,  
 Now overtakes her in her full career,  
 And flings a javelin at the flying deer.  
 Amazed, the virgin huntress turns her eyes ;  
 When Juno (now Diana in disguise),  
 ' Let no vain terrors discompose thy mind ;  
 My second visit, like my first, is kind.  
 Thy ivory quiver, and thy ebon bow,  
 Did not I give ?—Here sudden blushes glow  
 On Thule's cheeks : her busy eyes survey  
 The dress, the crescent; and her doubts give way.

' I own thee, goddess bright, (the nymph replies)  
 Goddess, I own thee, and thy favours prize :  
 Goddess of woods, and lawns, and level plains,  
 Fresh in my mind thine image still remains.'  
 Then Juno, ' Beauteous ranger of the grove,  
 My darling care, fair object of my love,  
 Hither I come, urged by no trivial fears,  
 To guard thy bloom, and warn thy tender years.'

## TRANSLATIONS.

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### THE FIRST OLYMPIONIQUE OF PINDAR.

TO HIERO OF SYRACUSE,

VICTORIOUS IN THE HORSE-RACE.

---

#### Argument.

The poet praises Hiero for his justice, his wisdom, and his skill in music. He likewise celebrates the horse that won the race, and the place where the Olympic games were performed. From the place (namely Peloponnesus) he takes an occasion of digressing to the known fable of Tantalus and Pelops; whence, returning to Hiero, he sets forth the felicity of the Olympian victors. Then he concludes, by praying to the gods to preserve the glory and dignity of Hiero, admonishing him to moderation of mind, in his high station; and lastly, glories in his own excellency in compositions of this kind.

---

#### STROPHE I. Measures 18.

EACH element to water yields;  
And gold, like blazing fire by night,  
Amidst the stores of wealth that builds  
The mind aloft, is eminently bright:  
But if, my soul, with fond desire  
To sing of games thou dost aspire,  
As thou by day canst not descry,  
Through all the liquid waste of sky,  
One burnish'd star, that like the sun does glow,  
And cherish every thing below,  
So, my sweet soul, no toil divine,  
In song, does like the Olympian shine:

Hence do the mighty poets raise  
 A hymn, of every tongue the praise,  
 The son of Saturn to resound,  
 When far, from every land, they come  
 To visit Hiero's regal dome,  
 Where peace, where plenty, is for ever found :

ANTISTROPHE I. Measures 18.

Lord of Sicilia's fleecy plains,  
 He governs, righteous in his power,  
 And, all excelling while he reigns,  
 From every lovely virtue crops the flower :  
 In music, blossom of delight,  
 Divinely skill'd, he cheers the night,  
 As we are wont, when friends design  
 To feast and wanton o'er their wine :  
 But from the wall the Dorian harp take down,  
 If Pisa, city of renown,  
 And if the fleet victorious steed,  
 The boast of his unrivall'd breed,  
 Heart-pleasing raptures did inspire,  
 And warm thy breast with sacred fire,  
 When late, on Alpheus' crowded shore,  
 Forth-springing quick, each nerve he strain'd,  
 The warning of the spur disdain'd,  
 And swift to victory his master bore.

EPODE I. Measures 16.

The loved Syracusian, the prince of the course,  
 The king, who delights in the speed of the horse :  
 Great his glory, great his fame,  
 Throughout the land where Lydian Pelops came  
 To plant his men, a chosen race,  
 A land the ocean does embrace,

Pelops, whom Neptune, ruler of the main,  
 Was known to love, when into life again,  
 From the reviving caldron warm,  
 Clotho produced him whole, his shoulder-blade,  
 And its firm brawn, of shining ivory made :  
 But truth, unvarnish'd, oft neglected lies,  
 When fabled tales, invented to surprise,  
 In miracles mighty, have power to charm,  
 Where fictions, happily combined,  
 Deceive and captivate the mind :

## STROPHE II. Measures 18.

Thus Poesy, harmonious spell,  
 The source of pleasures ever new,  
 With dignity does wonders tell ;  
 And we, amazed, believe each wonder true.  
 Day after day brings truth to light,  
 Unveil'd and manifest to sight :  
 But, of the bless'd, those lips which name  
 Foul deeds aloud, shall suffer blame.  
 Thee, son of Tantalus, my faithful song  
 Shall vindicate from every wrong,  
 The glories of thy house restore,  
 And baffle falsehoods told before :  
 Now, in his turn, thy sire prepared  
 A banquet ; when the gods appear'd  
 At Sipylus, his sweet abode,  
 To grace the due proportion'd feast :  
 There, first, the trident-bearing guest  
 Beheld thy lovely form ; and now, he glow'd ;

## ANTISTROPHE II. Measures 18.

And now, his soul subdued by love,  
 Thee in his golden car he bore  
 Swift to the lofty towers of Jove,  
 Whose name the nations all around adore :

Thus Ganymede was caught on high,  
To serve the power who rules the sky.  
When thou no longer didst appear,  
And those who sought a pledge so dear,  
Without thee to thy widow'd mother came,  
Some envious neighbour, to defame  
Thy father's feast, a rumour spread,  
The rumour through the country fled,  
That thou, to heighten the repast,  
Wast into seething water cast,  
Fierce bubbling o'er the raging fire,  
Thy limbs without compassion carved,  
Thy sodden flesh in messes served,  
To gorge the gods, and a voracious sire:

## EPODE II. Measures 16.

But, in thought ever pure, shall I deem it amiss,  
Vile gluttons to call the partakers of bliss:  
Let me then refrain, and dread:  
A curse hangs over the blasphemer's head.  
If they, who supervise and ward  
The heavens, did ever show regard  
To mortal man, this Tantalus might boast,  
Of mortal men that he was honour'd most:  
But he not able to digest  
The glut, the surfeit, of immortal joys,  
One heinous forfeit all his bliss destroys:  
For over him the godhead hung, in air,  
A ponderous stone, a dreadful poise of care!  
From his head to remove it, with terror oppress'd,  
In vain he tries, and seeks in vain  
One cheerful moment to regain:

## STROPHE III. Measures 18.

A life of woe beyond relief,  
 His portion now; ordain'd before  
 To torments of a three-fold grief,  
 This fourth was added to complete his store,  
 Since, high presuming in his soul,  
 He nectar and ambrosia stole,  
 To give to men; by which he knew  
 That, tasting, he immortal grew:  
 But be not man deceived: the gods reveal  
 What most we labour to conceal:  
 For this the powers, who deathless reign,  
 To earth sent down his son again,  
 To dwell with men, a short-lived race,  
 Whose sudden fates come on apace.  
 His flowery age in all its pride,  
 When, o'er his chin, a blackening shade  
 Of down was cast, a vow he made,  
 Deep in his soul, to win the proffer'd bride:

## ANTISTROPHE III. Measures 18.

Hippodamia, boasted name,  
 From her great sire, the Pisan proud.  
 Alone, by night, the lover came  
 Beside the hoary sea, and call'd aloud  
 On him who sways the triple spear,  
 And fills with din the deafen'd ear;  
 When, at his feet, the god arose:  
 Then Pelops, eager to disclose  
 His mighty care, ' O Neptune, if thy mind  
 In love did ever pleasure find,  
 Let not Oenomaüs prevail,  
 And let this brazen javelin fail:

Oh ! bear me hence on wheels of speed,  
 To Elis, to the glorious meed :  
 To victory, oh ! whirl me, straight ;  
 Since, after ten, and other three,  
 Bold suiters slain, yet still we see,  
 From year to year, the promised nuptials wait

## EPODE III. Measures 16.

‘ Of his daughter. No perilous toil can excite  
 The dastard in heart, who despairs of his might.  
 Since we all are born to die,  
 Who, overcast, would in oblivion lie,  
 In unrepented age decay  
 And meanly squander life away,  
 Cut off from every praise ? Then let me dare  
 This conflict, in the dusty lists, to share ;  
 And prosper thou my glowing wheels.’  
 Thus Pelops spoke; nor was his fervent prayer  
 Pour’d forth in fruitless words, to waft in air :  
 The deity his whole ambition grants ;  
 Nor shining car, nor coursers now he wants :  
 In the golden bright chariot new vigour he feels,  
 Exulting in the horses’ feet,  
 Unwearied ever, ever fleet :

## STROPHE IV. Measures 18.

Oenomaüs, he triumphs o'er  
 Thy prowess, and, to share thy bed,  
 Claims the bright maid ; who to him bore  
 Six princely sons, to manly virtues bred.  
 Now, solemnized with steaming blood,  
 And pious rites, near Alpheus' flood  
 Entomb'd, he sleeps, where the' altar stands,  
 That draws the vows of distant lands :

And round his tomb the circling racers strive:  
And round the wheeling chariots drive.  
In thy famed courses, Pelops, rise  
The' Olympian glories to the skies,  
And shine afar: there we behold  
The stretch of manhood, strenuous, bold,  
In sore fatigues, and there the strife  
Of winged feet. Thrice happy he,  
Who overcomes! for he shall see  
Unclouded days, and taste the sweets of life.

## ANTISTROPHE IV. Measures 18.

Thy boon, O victory! thy prize.  
The good that, in a day obtain'd,  
From day to day fresh joy supplies,  
Is the supreme of bliss to man ordain'd:  
But let me now the rider raise  
And crown him with Æolian lays,  
The victor's due: and I confide,  
Though every welcome guest were tried,  
Not one, in all the concourse, would be found  
For fairest knowledge more renown'd,  
Nor yet a master more to twine,  
In lasting hymns, each wreathing line.  
The guardian god, who watchful guides  
Thy fortunes, Hiero, presides  
O'er all thy cares with anxious power:  
And soon, if he does not deny  
His needful aid, my hopes run high  
To sing more pleasing in the joyful hour.

## EPODE IV. Measures 16.

On thy chariot, triumphant when thou shalt appear  
And fly o'er the course with a rapid career,

Tracing paths of language fair,  
 As I to Cronion's sunny mount repair.  
 Even now the Muse prepares to raise  
 Her growth, the strongest dart of praise,  
 For me to wield. Approved in other things,  
 Do others rise, conspicuous, only kings,  
 High mounting on the summit fix :  
 There bound thy view, wide-spread, nor vainly try  
 Further to stretch the prospect of thine eye :  
 Be, then, thy glorious lot to tread sublime,  
 With steady steps, the measured tract of time ;  
 Be mine, with the prize-bearing worthies to mix,  
 In Greece, throughout the learned throng,  
 Proclaim'd unrivall'd in my song.

---

### THE SECOND OLYMPIONIQUE.

#### TO THERON OF AGRIGENTUM,

VICTORIOUS IN THE CHARIOT-RACE,

---

##### Argument.

He praises Theron king of Agrigentum, on account of the victory obtained in the Olympic games, with a chariot and four horses; likewise for his justice, his hospitality, his fortitude, and the illustriousness of his ancestors, whose adventures are occasionally mentioned: then he interweaves digressions to Semele, Ino, Peleus, Achilles, and others, and describes the future state of the righteous and of the wicked. Lastly, he concludes with extolling his own skill in panegyric, and the benevolence and liberality of Theron.

---

#### STROPHE I. Measures 16.

SOVEREIGN hymns, whose numbers sway  
 The sounding harp, what god, what hero, say,  
 What man, shall we resound ?  
 Is not Pisa Jove's delight ?

And did not Hercules, with conquest crown'd,  
 To him ordain  
 The' Olympiad for an army slain,  
 Thank-offering of the war?  
 And must we not, in Theron's right,  
 Exert our voice, and swell our song?  
 Theron, whose victorious car  
 Four coursers whirl, fleeting along,  
 To stranger-guests indulgent host,  
 Of Agrigentum the support and boast,  
 Cities born to rule and grace,  
 Fair blossom of his ancient race.

## ANTISTROPHE I. Measures 16.

Worthies sore perplex'd in thought, [sought,  
 Till, wandering far, they found, what long they  
 A sacred seat, fast by  
 Where the stream does rapid run,  
 And reign'd, of Sicily the guardian eye,  
 When happy days,  
 And wealth, and favour flow'd, and praise,  
 That in-born worth inflames.  
 Saturnian Jove! O Rhea's son!  
 Who o'er Olympus dost preside,  
 And the pitch of lofty games,  
 And Alpheus, of rivers the pride,  
 Rejoicing in my songs, do thou  
 Incline thine ear, propitious to my vow,  
 Blessing, with a bounteous hand,  
 The rich hereditary land

## EPODE I. Measures 10.

Through their late lineage down. No power can  
 Whether deeds of right or wrong, [actions pass'd,

As things not done recall,  
 Not even Time, the father, who produces all ;  
 Yet can Oblivion, waiting long,  
 Gathering strength  
 Through the length  
 Of prosperous times, forbid these deeds to last :  
 Such force has sweet-healing joy  
 The festering smart of evils to destroy.

## STROPHE II. Measures 16.

When felicity is sent  
 Down by the will supreme with full content :  
 Thy daughters, Cadmus, they,  
 Greatly wretched here below,  
 Bless'd evermore, this mighty truth display.  
 No weight of grief,  
 But, whelm'd in pleasures, find relief,  
 Sunk in the sweet abyss.  
 Thou, Semele, with hair a-flow,  
 Thou by thunder doom'd to die,  
 Mingling with the gods in bliss,  
 Art happy, for ever on high :  
 Thee Pallas does for ever love,  
 Thee chiefly Jupiter, who rules above ;  
 Thee thy son holds ever dear,  
 Thy son with the ivy-wreath'd spear.

## ANTISTROPHE II. Measures 16.

Beauteous Ino, we are told,  
 With the sea-daughters dwells of Nereus old,  
 And has, by lot, obtain'd  
 Lasting life, beneath the deep,  
 A life within no bounds of time restrain'd.  
 The hour of death,  
 The day when we resign our breath,

That offspring of the Sun,  
 Which bids us from our labours sleep,  
 In vain do mortals seek to know,  
 Or who destined is to run  
 A life unentangled with woe ;  
 For none are able to disclose  
 The seasons of the' uncertain ebbs and flows  
 Now of pleasures, now of pains,  
 Which hidden Fate to men ordains :

## EPODE II. Measures 10.

Thus Providence, that to thy ancestry long-famed  
 Portions out a pleasing share  
 Of heaven-sprung happiness,  
 Does, ceasing in another turn of time to bless,  
 Distribute some reverse of care,  
 As from years  
 Past appears,  
 Since the predestined son, at Pytho named,  
 Did Laius, blindly meeting, kill,  
 And the oracle, of old pronounced, fulfil :

## STROPHE III. Measures 16.

Fell Erinnys, quick to view  
 The deed, his warlike sons in battle slew,  
 Each by the other's rage :  
 But to Polynices slain  
 Survived Thersander, glory of his age,  
 For feats of war,  
 And youthful contests, honour'd far,  
 The scion, kept alive  
 To raise the' Adrastian house again :  
 From whence Ænesidamus' heir  
 Does his spreading root derive,  
 To branch out a progeny fair ;

Who, springing foremost in the chase  
 Of Fame, demands we should his triumph grace,  
 Tuning lyres to vocal lays,  
 Sweet union of melodious praise;

## ANTISTROPHE III. Measures 16.

For not only has he borne  
 The Olympian prize, but, with his brother, worn  
 The garland of renown,  
 At Pytho and at Isthmus; where,  
 Victorious both, they shared the allotted crown,  
 Joint-honour, won  
 In twelve impetuous courses, run  
 With four unweared steeds.  
 To vanquish, in the strife severe  
 Does all anxiety destroy:  
 And to this, if wealth succeeds  
 With virtues enamell'd, the joy  
 Luxuriant grows; such affluence  
 Does glorious opportunities dispense,  
 Giving depth of thought to find  
 Pursuits which please a noble mind.

## EPODE III. Measures 10.

Refulgent star! to man the purest beam of light!  
 The possessor of this store,  
 Far-future things discerning, knows.  
 Obdurate wretches, once deceased, to immediate  
 woes  
 Consign'd, too late their pains deplore;  
 For below,  
 Ere they go,  
 Sits one in judgment, who pronounces right  
 On crimes in this wide realm of Jove;  
 Whose dire decree no power can e'er remove:

## STROPHE IV. Measures 16.

But the good, alike by night,  
 Alike by day, the Sun's unclouded light  
 Beholding, ever bless'd,  
 Live an unlaborious life,  
 Nor anxious interrupt the hallow'd rest  
 With spade and plough,  
 The earth to vex, or with the prow  
 The briny sea, to eat  
 The bread of care in endless strife.  
 The dread divinities among,  
 The few unaccustomed to wrong,  
 Who never broke the vow they swore,  
 A tearless age enjoy for evermore;  
 While the wicked hence depart  
 To torments which appall the heart:

## ANTISTROPHE IV. Measures 16.

But the souls who greatly dare,  
 Thrice tried in either state, to persevere  
 From all injustice pure,  
 Journeying onward in the way  
 Of Jupiter, in virtue still secure,  
 Along his road  
 Arrive at Saturn's raised abode;  
 Where soft sea-breezes breathe  
 Round the island of the bless'd; where gay  
 The trees with golden blossoms glow;  
 Where, their brows and arms to wreath,  
 Bright garlands on every side below;  
 For, springing thick in every field,  
 The earth does golden flowers spontaneous yield;  
 And, in every limpid stream,  
 The budding gold is seen to gleam;

## EPODE IV. Measures 10.

Fair heritage ! by righteous Rhadamanth's award :  
 Who, coéqual, takes his seat  
 With Saturn, sire divine,  
 Thy consort, Rhea, who above the rest doth shine,  
 High-throned, thou matron-goddess great :  
 These among  
 (Blissful throng !)  
 Does Peleus and does Cadmus find regard ;  
 And, through his mother's winning prayer  
 To Jove, Achilles dwells immortal there :

## STROPHE V. Measures 16.

He who Hector did destroy,  
 The pillar firm, the whole support, of Troy,  
 And Cyenus gave to die,  
 And Aurora's Æthiop son.  
 My arm beneath yet many darts have I,  
 All swift of flight,  
 Within my quiver, sounding right  
 To every skilful ear :  
 But, of the multitude, not one  
 Discerns the mystery unexplain'd.  
 He transcendent does appear  
 In knowledge, from Nature who gain'd  
 His store : but the dull-letter'd crowd,  
 In censure vehement, in nonsense loud,  
 Clamour idly, wanting skill,  
 Like crows, in vain, provoking still

## ANTISTROPHE V. Measures 16.

The celestial bird of Jove :  
 But, to the mark address thy bow, nor rove,

My soul : and whom do I  
Single out with fond desire,  
At him to let illustrious arrows fly ?  
My fix'd intent,  
My aim, on Agrigentum bent,  
A solemn oath I plight,  
Sincere as honest minds require,  
That through an hundred circling years,  
With recorded worthies bright, •  
No rivalling city appears  
To boast a man more frank to impart  
Kind offices to friends with open heart,  
Or, with hand amidst his store,  
Delighting to distribute more

## EPODE V. MEASURES 10.

Than Theron : yet foul Calumny, injurious blame,  
Did the men of rancour raise  
Against his fair renown,  
Defamers, who by evil actions strove to drown  
His good, and to conceal his praise.  
Can the sand,  
On the strand,  
Be number'd o'er ? Then, true to Theron's fame,  
His favours, showering down delight  
On thousands, who is able to recite ?

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THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

## ON HIS LUTE.

THE line of Atreus will I sing ;  
To Cadmus will I tune the string :  
But, as from string to string I move,  
My lute will only sound of love.

The chords I change through every screw,  
 And model the whole lute anew,  
 Once more, in song, my voice I raise,  
 And, Hercules, thy toils I praise :

My lute does still my voice deny,  
 And in the tones of love reply.  
 ' Yé heroes then, at once farewell :  
 Loves only echo from my shell.'

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### THE SECOND ODE.

#### ON WOMEN.

NATURE the bull with horns supplies,  
 The horse with hoofs she fortifies,  
 The fleeting foot on hares bestows,  
 On lions teeth, two dreadful rows !  
 Grants fish to swim, and birds to fly,  
 And on their skill bids men rely.

Women alone defenceless live ;  
 To women what does Nature give ?  
 Beauty she gives instead of darts,  
 Beauty, instead of shields, imparts ;  
 Nor can the sword, nor fire, oppose  
 The fair, victorious where she goes.

---

### THE THIRD ODE.

#### ON LOVE.

ONE midnight, when the Bear did stand  
 A level with Boötes' hand,  
 And, with their labour sore oppress'd,  
 The race of men were laid to rest,

Then to my doors, at unawares,  
 Came Love, and tried to force the bars.  
 ‘ Who thus assails my doors ? (I cried)  
 Who breaks my slumbers ? ’ Love replied,  
 ‘ Open : a child alone is here !  
 A little child ! — you need not fear :  
 Here through the moonless night I stray,  
 And, drench’d in rain, have lost my way.’

Then, moved to pity by his plight,  
 Too much in haste my lamp I light,  
 And open : when a child I see,  
 A little child he seem’d to me ;  
 Who bore a quiver, and a bow ;  
 And wings did to his shoulders grow.

Within the hearth I bid him stand,  
 Then chafe and cherish either hand  
 Between my palms, and wring, with care,  
 The trickling water from his hair.

‘ Now come, (said he, no longer chill)  
 We’ll bend this bow, and try our skill,  
 And prove the string, how far its power  
 Remains unslacken’d by the shower.’

He bends his bow, and culls his quiver,  
 And pierces, like a breeze, my liver :  
 Then leaping, laughing, as he fled,  
 ‘ Rejoice with me, my host, (he said)  
 My bow is sound in every part,  
 And you shall rue it at your heart.’

## A HYMN TO VENUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

O VENUS! beauty of the skies,  
To whom a thousand temples rise,  
Gaily false in gentle smiles,  
Full of love-perplexing wiles,  
O, goddess! from my heart remove  
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard  
A song in soft distress preferr'd,  
Propitious to my tuneful vow,  
O, gentle goddess! hear me now.  
Descend thou bright immortal guest,  
In all thy radiant charms confess'd.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,  
And all the golden roofs above:  
The car thy wanton sparrows drew;  
Hovering in air they lightly flew;  
As to my bower they wing'd their way,  
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)  
Bore back their empty car again:  
Then you, with looks divinely mild,  
In every heavenly feature smiled,  
And ask'd what new complaints I made,  
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What frenzy in my bosom raged,  
And by what care to be assuaged?  
What gentle youth I would allure?  
Whom in my artful toils secure?

Who does thy tender heart subdue,  
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who ?

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,  
He soon shall court thy slighted charms ;  
Though now thy offerings he despise,  
He soon to thee shall sacrifice ;  
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,  
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more  
Thy needful presence I implore !  
In pity come and ease my grief,  
Bring my distemper'd soul relief :  
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,  
And give me all my heart desires.

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#### A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

BLESS'D as the' immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,  
And raised such tumults in my breast ;  
For while I gazed, in transport toss'd,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd : the subtle flame  
Ran quickly through my vital frame ;  
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,  
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,  
My feeble pulse forgot to play,  
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

---

TO

## MR. AMBROSE PHILIPS.

ON HIS 'DISTRESSED MOTHER.'

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

LONG have the writers of this warlike age  
With human sacrifices drench'd the stage;  
That scarce one hero dares demand applause,  
Till, weltering in his blood, the ground he gnaws:  
As if, like swans, they only could delight  
With dying strains, and while they please, affright.

Our Philips, though 'twere to oblige the fair,  
Dares not destroy, where Horace bids him spare:  
His decent scene like that of Greece appears;  
No deaths our eyes offend, no fights our ears.  
While he from Nature copies every part,  
He forms the judgment, and affects the heart.

Oft as Andromache renews her woe,  
The mothers sadden, and their eyes o'erflow.  
Hermione, with love and rage possess'd,  
Now sooths, now animates, each maiden breast.  
Pyrrhus, triumphant o'er the Trojan walls,  
Is greatly perjured, and as greatly falls.  
Love, and Despair, and Furies, are combined  
In poor Orestes, to distract his mind.  
From first to last, alternate passions reign;  
And we resist the poet's will in vain.

THE  
POEMS  
OF  
*Thomas Parnell.*



THE  
LIFE OF THOMAS PARNELL.  
BY  
DR. JOHNSON.

---

THE Life of DR. PARNELL is a task which I should very willingly decline, since it has been lately written by Goldsmith, a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness.

What such an author has told, who would tell again? I have made an abstract from his larger narrative; and have this gratification from my attempt, that it gives me an opportunity of paying due tribute to the memory of Goldsmith.

*To *you* *you* *you* *you* *you* *you*.*

THOMAS PARNELL was the son of a commonwealthsman of the same name, who, at the Restoration, left Congleton, in Cheshire, where the family had been established for several centuries, and, settling in Ireland, purchased an estate, which, with his lands in Cheshire, descended to the poet, who was born at Dublin in 1679; and, after the usual education at a grammar-school, was, at the age of thirteen, admitted into the College, where, in 1700,

he became Master of Arts ; and was the same year ordained a deacon, though under the canonical age, by a dispensation from the Bishop of Derry.

About three years afterwards he was made a priest ; and, in 1705, Dr. Ashe, the Bishop of Clogher, conferred upon him the archdeaconry of Clogher. About the same time he married Mrs. Anne Minchin, an amiable lady, by whom he had two sons, who died young, and a daughter who long survived him.

At the ejection of the Whigs, in the end of Queen Anne's reign, Parnell was persuaded to change his party, not without much censure from those whom he forsook, and was received by the new ministry as a valuable reinforcement. When the Earl of Oxford was told that Dr. Parnell waited among the crowd in the outer room, he went, by the persuasion of Swift, with his treasurer's staff in his hand, to inquire for him, and to bid him welcome ; and, as may be inferred from Pope's dedication, admitted him as a favourite companion to his convivial hours, but, as it seems often to have happened in those times to the favourites of the great, without attention to his fortune, which, however, was in no great need of improvement.

Parnell, who did not want ambition or vanity, was desirous to make himself conspicuous, and to show how worthy he was of high preferment. As he thought himself qualified to become a popular preacher, he displayed his elocution with great success in the pulpits of London ; but the queen's death putting an end to his expectations, abated his diligence ; and Pope represents him as falling from that time into intemperance of wine. That in his latter life he was too much a lover of the bottle, is not denied ; but I have heard it imputed to a cause more likely to obtain forgiveness from mankind, the untimely death of a darling son ; or, as others tell, the

loss of his wife, who died (1712) in the midst of his expectations.

He was now to derive every future addition to his preferments from his personal interest with his private friends, and he was not long unregarded. He was warmly recommended by Swift to Archbishop King, who gave him a prebend in 1713; and in May, 1716, presented him to the vicarage of Finglass in the diocese of Dublin, worth four hundred pounds a year. Such notice from such a man inclines me to believe, that the vice of which he has been accused was not gross, or not notorious.

But his prosperity did not last long. His end, whatever was its cause, was now approaching. He enjoyed his preferment little more than a year; for in July, 1717, in his thirty-eighth year, he died at Chester on his way to Ireland.

He seems to have been one of those poets who take delight in writing. He contributed to the papers of that time, and probably published more than he owned. He left many compositions behind him, of which Pope selected those which he thought best, and dedicated them to the Earl of Oxford. Of these Goldsmith has given an opinion, and his criticism it is seldom safe to contradict. He bestows just praise upon the 'Rise of Woman,' the 'Fairy Tale,' and the 'Pervigilium Veneris,' but has very properly remarked, that in the 'Battle of Mice and Frogs' the Greek names have not in English their original effect.

He tells us that the *Bookworm* is borrowed from Beza; but he should have added, with modern applications: and, when he discovers that *Gay Bacchus* is translated from Augurellus, he ought to have remarked that the latter part is purely Parnell's. Another poem, *When Spring comes on*, is, he says, taken from the French. I would add, that the description of *Barrenness*, in his verscs to Pope, was

borrowed from Secundus; but lately searching for the passage which I had formerly read, I could not find it. The 'Night Piece on Death' is indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's 'Church Yard;' but, in my opinion, Gray has the advantage in dignity, variety, and originality of sentiment. He observes, that the story of the *Hermit* is in More's Dialogues and Howell's Letters, and supposes it to have been originally Arabian.

Goldsmith has not taken any notice of the *Elegy to the old Beauty*, which is perhaps the meanest; nor of the *Allegory on Man*, the happiest of Parnell's performances. The hint of the *Hymn to Contentment* I suspect to have been borrowed from Cleiveland.

The general character of Parnell is not great extent of comprehension, or fertility of mind. Of the little that appears still less is his own. His praise must be derived from the easy sweetness of his diction: in his verses there is more happiness than pains; he is sprightly without effort, and always delights, though he never ravishes; every thing is proper, yet every thing seems casual. If there is some appearance of elaboration in the *Hermit*, the narrative, as it is less airy, is less pleasing. Of his other compositions it is impossible to say whether they are the productions of Nature, so excellent as not to want the help of Art, or of Art so refined as to resemble Nature.

This criticism relates only to the pieces published by Pope. Of the large appendages which I find in the last edition, I can only say, that I know not whence they came, nor have ever inquired whither they are going. They stand upon the faith of the compilers.

## ENCOMIUMS ON PARSELL.

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### POPE'S DEDICATION

OF

### PARSELL'S POEMS.

---

TO THE RIGHT HON.

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-loved Poet sung,  
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.  
Oh, just beheld, and lost ! admired, and mourn'd !  
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd !  
Bless'd in each science, bless'd in every strain !  
Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear—in vain !

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend :  
For Swift and him, despised the farce of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and great ;  
Dexterous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,  
And pleased to scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)  
Recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days,  
Still hear thy PARSELL in his living lays :

Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,  
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;  
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,  
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine  
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine;  
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,  
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,  
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,  
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;  
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:  
'Tis her's, the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.  
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,  
When all the' obliged desert, and all the vain;  
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,  
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.  
E'en now she shades thy evening-walk with bays,  
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)  
E'en now, observant of the parting ray,  
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,  
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,  
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

A. POPE.

*Sept. 25,*  
1721.

FROM

## DE LA COUR'S PROSPECT OF POETRY.

ONE who has proved how hard it is to please ;  
Nor first to blame, nor yet the last to praise,  
With whose good sense an author might be free,  
And whose good nature ne'er was flattery ;  
Such late was PARNELL—Oh ! too slightly  
mourn'd,

With every grace and every Muse adorn'd !  
By Swift beloved, by Pope lamented most,  
Lost to the world—to wit and friendship lost—  
Yet shall he live, while taste is kept alive,  
And his loved Plato in his verse revive :  
Yet shall he live, as long as truth shall charm  
In mystic fable, or fair virtue warm.

FROM

## HURDIS'S VILLAGE-CURATE.

How sweet the song that from thy mellow pipe,  
Dear PARNELL, flow'd! Death heard, and was  
amazed,

And his stone couch forsook, all wonder now,  
And now all envy. Sure, he thought no bard  
Of mortal mixture could such tones create;  
Or if of mortal mixture, he had lived  
More than the days of man; and stolen from years  
Due to the reign of silence and of death,  
Song so divine. With the bad thought possess'd,  
He whet his arrow on a flint, advanced,  
And flung it greedily, his lipless jaws  
Grinding with hate. So fell betimes the Bard,  
So triumph'd Death; and at the bloody deed  
Shook his lean bones with laughter. Cursed fiend,  
Thou bane of excellence, go hence and laugh;  
Yet shall the pious poet sing again,  
And thou shalt hear, and with eternal wrath,  
Aye burning, dance with agony, and gnaw,  
Howling for pain, the adamantine gates  
Of triple-bolted hell.

POEMS  
OR  
THOMAS PARNELL.

---

HESIOD:

OR,

THE RISE OF WOMAN.

WHAT ancient times (those times we fancy wise)  
Have left on long record of woman's rise,  
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,  
What author wrote it, how that author died,  
All these I sing. In Greece they framed a tale ;  
(In Greece 'twas thought a woman might be frail)  
Ye modern beauties ! where the Poet drew  
His softest pencil, think he dream'd of you ;  
And, warn'd by him, ye wanton pens, beware  
How Heaven's concern'd to vindicate the Fair.  
The case was Hesiod's ; he the fable writ ;  
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit :  
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please ;  
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore, (no matter where or when,  
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men)  
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth,  
(Our author's song can witness) lived on earth.

He carved the turf to mould a manly frame,  
And stole from Jove his animating flame.  
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,  
When thus the monarch of the stars began :

‘Oh, versed in arts ! whose daring thoughts aspire  
To kindle clay with never-dying fire !  
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine ;  
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine :  
And such a gift, a vengeance so design’d,  
As suits the counsel of a god to find ;  
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,  
Which, felt, they curse, yet covet still to feel.’

He said, and Vulcan straight the sire commands,  
To temper mortar with ethereal hands ;  
In such a shape to mould a rising Fair,  
As virgin-goddesses are proud to wear ;  
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,  
And form her organs for a voice divine.  
‘Twas thus the sire ordain’d ; the power obey’d ;  
And work’d, and wonder’d at the work he made ;  
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,  
Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the cheerful queen of charms  
Clasp’d the new-panting creature in her arms ;  
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,  
Where mingled whiteness glow’d with softer red.  
Then in a kiss she breathed her various arts,  
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts ;  
A mind for love, but still a changing mind ;  
The lisp affected, and the glance design’d ;  
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink ;  
The gentle-swimming walk, the courteous sink ;  
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown ;  
For decent yielding, looks declining down ;

The practised languish, where well-feign'd desire  
Would own its melting in a mutual fire ;  
Gay smiles, to comfort ; April showers, to move ;  
And all the nature, all the art of love.

Gold-sceptred Juno next exalts the Fair ;  
Her touch endows her with imperious air,  
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,  
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide :  
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,  
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.

Minerva, skilful goddess, train'd the maid  
To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread,  
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,  
Cross the long weft, and close the web with art.  
An useful gift ; but what profuse expense,  
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence !

Young Hermes next, a close contriving god,  
Her brows encircled with his serpent-rod :  
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,  
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain ;  
The price of favours ; the designing arts  
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts ;  
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,  
The little pilfering temper of a wife.

Full on the Fair, his beams Apollo flung,  
And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue ;  
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays  
The pleasing colours of the art of praise ;  
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,  
Which frets another's spleen, to cure its own.

Those sacred Virgins whom the bards revere,  
Tuned all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,  
To make her sense with double charms abound,  
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought  
A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought,  
And placed their boxes o'er a rich brocade,  
Where pictured Loves on every cover play'd ;  
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art  
Had framed to merit Cytherea's heart ;  
The wire to curl, the close-indented comb  
To call the locks that lightly wander, home ;  
And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid  
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores ; the purpled Hours  
Confined her tresses with a wreath of flowers ;  
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown ;  
A veil pellucid hung depending down ;  
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,  
The purfled border deck'd the floor with gold.  
Her robe (which closely by the girdle braced  
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)  
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,  
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature finish'd thus for harms,  
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms ;  
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,  
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles :  
Then, conscious of her worth, with easy pace  
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,  
Through Time's deep cave, the sister Fates explore,  
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,  
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive :

‘ Flow from the rock, my flax ! and swiftly flow,  
Pursue thy thread ; the spindle runs below.  
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,  
The creature woman, rises now to reign,

New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;  
New love begins, a love produced to die;  
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,  
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

‘ Men, born to labour, all with pains provide ;  
Women have time to sacrifice to pride :  
They want the care of man, their want they know,  
And dress to please with heart-alluring show ;  
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,  
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

‘ Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts  
A loitering race the painful bee supports ;  
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,  
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs ;  
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,  
Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.

‘ Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,  
Whose temper betters by the father's side ;  
Unlike the rest that double human care,  
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share :  
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance !  
The curse is general, but the blessing chance.’

Thus sung the sisters, while the gods admire  
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire ;  
The young Pandora she, whom all contend  
To make too perfect not to gain her end :  
Then bid the winds that fly to breathe the spring,  
Return to bear her on a gentle wing ;  
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,  
And land the shining vengeance safe below.  
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,  
The present treacherous, but the bearer more ;  
‘ Twas fraught with pangs ; for Jove ordain'd above,  
That gold should aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay descent the man perceived afar,  
Wondering he ran to catch the falling star;  
But so surprised, as none but he can tell,  
Who loved so quickly, and who loved so well.  
O'er all his veins the wandering passion burns,  
He calls her nymph, and every nymph, by turns.  
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,  
Or swears that Venus' must be such as hers.  
She, proud to rule, yet strangely framed to tease,  
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,  
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,  
In brisk disorder trips it up and down;  
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,  
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.

‘Now take what Jove design'd, (she softly cried)  
This box thy portion, and myself thy bride.’  
Fired with the prospect of the double charms,  
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone,  
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!  
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,  
And Heaven was traced upon the flattering deep;  
But whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,  
And thinks the water wears a stable form,  
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise!  
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies!

At first the creature man was framed alone,  
Lord of himself, and all the world his own.  
For him the nymphs in green forsook the woods,  
For him the nymphs in blue forsook the floods,  
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,  
They bore him heroes in the secret cave.  
No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,  
No bending age his sprightly form decay'd,

No wars were known, no females heard to rage,  
And poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.

When woman came, those ills the box confined  
Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind;  
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,  
Spread as they went, and in the progress grew:  
The nymphs regretting left the mortal race,  
And altering Nature wore a sickly face:  
New terms of folly rose, new states of care;  
New plagues, to suffer, and to please, the fair!  
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,  
Commenced, or finish'd, with the breach of leagues;  
The mean designs of well-dissembled love;  
The sordid matches never join'd above;  
Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,  
(Man's double sufferings for domestic joys)  
The curse of jealousy; expense and strife;  
Divorce, the public brand of shameful life;  
The rival's sword; the qualm that takes the fair;  
Disdain for passion, passion in despair—  
These, and a thousand yet unnamed, we find;  
Ah, fear the thousand, yet unnamed behind!—

Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung,  
The mountain echo'd, and the valley rung,  
The sacred groves a fix'd attention show,  
The crystal Helicon forbore to flow,  
The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true)  
The Muses came to give the laurel too.  
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,  
If Love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?  
Ye fair, offended, hear your friend relate  
What heavy judgment proved the writer's fate;  
Though when it happen'd, no relation clears,  
Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade  
The neighbouring woods a native arbour made,  
There oft a tender pair, for amorous play  
Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;  
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he;  
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she:  
But swelling nature, in a fatal hour,  
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bower;  
The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,  
And track her steps, to make its author known.

It chanced one evening, 'twas the lover's day,  
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;  
When Hesiod, wandering, mused along the plain,  
And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene:  
A strong suspicion straight possess'd their mind,  
(For poets ever were a gentle kind)  
But when Evanthe near the passage stood,  
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood.  
'Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward,'—  
And, urged with erring rage, assault the bard.  
His corpse the sea received. The dolphins bore  
('Twas all the gods would do) the corpse to shore.

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,  
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise;  
I see the Muses round the body cry,  
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;  
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,  
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand:  
'Here Hesiod lies: ye future bards, beware  
How far your moral tales incense the fair.  
Unloved, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed;  
Without his quiver, Cupid caused the deed:  
He judged this turn of malice justly due,  
And Hesiod died for joys he never knew.'

## THE HERMIT.

**F**AR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew ;  
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :  
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,  
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;  
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,  
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :  
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
And all the tenor of his soul is lost :  
So when a smooth expanse receives impress'd  
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,  
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
And skies beneath with answering colours glow :  
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,  
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
To find if books, or swains, report it right,  
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)  
He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,  
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;  
Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;  
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,  
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;  
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.  
Then near approaching, ' Father, hail ! ' he cried  
And, ' Hail ! my son,' the reverend sire replied.  
Words follow'd words, from question answer  
flow'd,  
And talk of various kind deceived the road;  
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,  
While in their age they differ, join in heart:  
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day  
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;  
Nature in silence bid the world repose;  
When near the road a stately palace rose:  
There by the moon through ranks of trees they  
pass,  
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.  
It chanced the noble master of the dome  
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:  
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait:  
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.  
The table groans with costly piles of food,  
And all is more than hospitably good.  
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.  
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :

Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.  
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :  
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,  
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste,  
Then pleased and thankful, from the porch they go ;  
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;  
His cup was vanish'd: for in secret guise  
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,  
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;  
So seem'd the sire, when, far upon the road,  
The shining spoil his wily partuer show'd. [heart,  
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling  
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:  
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,  
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,  
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;  
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,  
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.  
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,  
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.  
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,  
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;  
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,  
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,  
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;  
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,  
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.

Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,  
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.  
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,  
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest)  
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;  
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,  
And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:  
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,  
(Each hardly granted) served them both to dine;  
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,  
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering Hermit view'd,  
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;  
' And why should such (within himself he cried)  
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?'—  
But what new marks of wonder soon took place  
In every settling feature of his face,  
When from his vest the young companion bore  
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,  
And paid profusely with the precious bowl  
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;  
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;  
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:  
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,  
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom  
wrought  
With all the travel of uncertain thought;  
His partner's acts without their cause appear,  
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:  
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,  
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,  
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,  
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.  
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,  
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:  
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,  
Content, and, not for praise but virtue, kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:  
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,  
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

‘Without a vain, without a grudging heart,  
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;  
From him you come, from him accept it here,  
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.’  
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,  
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,  
When the grave household round his hall repair,  
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,  
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;  
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept  
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,  
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,  
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.  
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!  
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done!  
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,  
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.  
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay  
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:

A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er  
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;  
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,  
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.  
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,  
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;  
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,  
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,  
‘ Detested wretch ! — But scarce his speech began,  
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :  
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;  
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;  
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;  
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;  
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display :  
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,  
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;  
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,  
And in a calm his settling temper ends.  
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,  
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke) :

‘ Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life, to vice unknown,  
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :  
These charms success in our bright region find,  
And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;  
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky —  
Nay, cease to kneel — Thy fellow-servant I.

‘ Then know the truth of government divine,  
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

‘ The Maker justly claims that world he made,  
In this the right of Providence is laid;  
Its sacred majesty through all depends  
On using second means to work his ends:  
‘ Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,  
The Power exerts his attributes on high,  
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,  
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

‘ What strange events can strike with more surprise,  
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?  
Yet, taught by these, confess the’ Almighty just,  
And where you can’t unriddle, learn to trust!

‘ The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,  
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;  
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,  
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine;  
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

‘ The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door  
Ne’er moved in pity to the wandering poor;  
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.  
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.  
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;  
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

‘ Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,  
But now the child half-wean’d his heart from God;  
(Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,  
And measured back his steps to earth again.

To what excesses had his dotage run !  
 But God, to save the father, took the son.  
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go ;  
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)  
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

‘ But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,  
 Had that false servant sped in safety back !  
 This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,  
 And what a fund of charity would fail !

‘ Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,  
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.’

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,  
 The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.  
 Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,  
 His master took the chariot of the sky ;  
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;  
 The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,  
 ‘ Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done !’  
 Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,  
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

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### A NIGHT-PIECE,

#### ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light  
 No more I waste the wakeful night,  
 Intent with endless view to pore  
 The schoolmen and the sages o'er :  
 Their books from wisdom widely stray,  
 Or point at best the longest way :

I'll seek a readier path, and go  
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky !  
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,  
While through their ranks in silver pride  
The nether crescent seems to glide.  
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,  
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,  
Where once again the spangled show  
Descends to meet our eyes below.  
The grounds which on the right aspire,  
In dimness from the view retire ;  
The left presents a place of graves,  
Whose wall the silent water laves.  
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight  
Among the livid gleams of night.  
There pass, with melancholy state,  
By all the solemn heaps of fate,  
And think, as softly sad you tread  
Above the venerable dead,  
' Time was, like thee they life possess'd,  
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.'

Those, with the bending osier bound,  
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,  
Quick to the glancing thought disclose  
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,  
The chissel's slender help to fame,  
(Which ere our set of friends decay  
Their frequent steps may wear away;)  
A middle race of mortals own,  
Men half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,  
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,

To what excesses had his dotage run !  
But God, to save the father, took the son.  
To all but thee, in this he seem'd to go ;  
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)  
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
Now owes in tears the punishment was just.  
‘ But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,  
Had that false servant sped in safety back !  
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,  
And what a fund of charity would fail !  
‘ Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,  
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.’  
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,  
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.  
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,  
His master took the chariot of the sky :  
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;  
The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow too.  
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,  
‘ Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done,  
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient home,  
And pass'd a life of quiet, peaceful ease.



Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,  
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones ;  
These, all the poor remains of state,  
Adorn the rich, or praise the great ;  
Who while on earth in fame they live,  
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,  
The bursting earth unveils the shades :  
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,  
They rise in visionary crowds,  
And all with sober accent cry,  
' Think, mortal, what it is to die !'

Now from yon black and funeral yew,  
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,  
Methinks, I hear a voice begin ;  
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,  
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound  
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)  
It sends a peal of hollow groans,  
Thus speaking from among the bones :—  
' When men my scythe and darts supply,  
How great a King of Fears am I !  
They view me like the last of things ;  
They make, and then they dread my stings.  
Fools ! if you less provoked your fears,  
No more my spectre form appears.  
Death's but a path that must be trod,  
If man would ever pass to God :  
A port of calms, a state of ease  
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

' Why then thy flowing sable stoles,  
Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,  
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,  
Long palls, drawn hearse, cover'd steeds,

And plumes of black, that as they tread,  
Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead ?

‘ Nor can the parted body know,  
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe :  
As men who long in prison dwell,  
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,  
Whene’er their suffering years are run,  
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun ;  
Such joy, though far transcending sense,  
Have pious souls at parting hence.  
On earth, and in the body placed,  
A few, and evil years, they waste :  
But when their chains are cast aside,  
See the glad scene unfolding wide,  
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,  
And mingle with the blaze of day.’

## A

## HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

‘ LOVELY, lasting peace of mind !  
Sweet delight of humankind !  
Heavenly born, and bred on high,  
To crown the favourites of the sky  
With more of happiness below,  
Than victors in a triumph know !  
Whither, O whither art thou fled,  
To lay thy meek, contented head ?  
What happy region dost thou please  
To make the seat of calms and ease ?

‘ Ambition searches all its sphere  
Of pomp and state to meet thee there.

Increasing Avarice would find  
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.  
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,  
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,  
To gain thy love ; and then perceives  
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.  
The silent heart which grief assails,  
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales ;  
Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
And seeks, (as I have vainly done)  
Amusing thought ; but learns to know  
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.  
No real happiness is found  
In trailing purple o'er the ground :  
Or in a soul exalted high,  
To range the circuit of the sky,  
Converse with stars above, and know  
All nature in its forms below ;  
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,  
And doubts, at last, for knowledge rise.

‘ Lovely, lasting Peace, appear !  
This world itself, if thou art here,  
Is once again with Eden bless'd,  
And man contains it in his breast.’—

‘ Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
I sung my wishes to the wood,  
And, lost in thought, no more perceived  
The branches whisper as they waved:  
It seem'd, as all the quiet place  
Confess'd the presence of the Grace ;  
When thus she spoke—‘ Go, rule thy will,  
Bid thy wild passions all be still ;  
Know GOD—and bring thy heart to know  
The joys which from religion flow :

Then every Grace shall prove its guest,  
And I'll be there to crown the rest.'

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,  
In my hours of sweet retreat,  
Might I thus my soul employ,  
With sense of gratitude and joy :  
Raised, as ancient prophets were,  
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer ;  
Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
Pleased and bless'd with G O D alone :  
Then while the gardens take my sight,  
With all the colours of delight ;  
While silver waters glide along,  
To please my ear, and court my song ;  
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,  
And thee, great Source of Nature ! sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,  
To light the world, and give the day ;  
The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;  
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;  
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;  
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;  
The field whose ears conceal the grain,  
The yellow treasure of the plain ;  
All of these, and all I see,  
Should be sung and sung by me :  
They speak their Maker as they can,  
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,  
Your busy, or your vain extremes ;  
And find a life of equal bliss,  
Or own the next begun in this.

## A FAIRY TALE.

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,  
When midnight fairies danced the maze,  
    Lived Edwin of the Green;  
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,  
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,  
    Though badly shaped he been.

His mountain back mote well be said  
To measure height against his head,  
    And lift itself above;  
Yet, spite of all that Nature did  
To make his uncouth form forbid,  
    This creature dared to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,  
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,  
    Could ladies look within;  
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,  
And, if a shape could win a heart,  
    He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,  
With slighted passion paced along  
    All in the moony light;  
'Twas near an old enchanted court,  
Where sportive fairies made resort,  
    To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,  
 'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost  
     That reach'd the neighbour-town ;  
 With weary steps he quits the shades,  
 Resolved, the darkling dome he treads,  
     And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,  
 When hollow winds remove the door,  
     And, trembling, rocks the ground :  
 And, well I ween to count aright,  
 At once a hundred tapers light  
     On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,  
 Now sounding feet approachen near,  
     And now the sounds increase :  
 And from the corner where he lay  
 He sees a train profusely gay  
     Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles !) never yet  
 Was dight a masking half so neat,  
     Or half so rich before ;  
 The country lent the sweet perfumes,  
 The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,  
     The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gazed, a gallant dress'd  
 In flaunting robes above the rest,  
     With awful accent cried :  
 ' What mortal of a wretched mind,  
 Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,  
     Has here presumed to hide ?'

At this the swain, whose venturous soul  
No fears of magic art control,  
Advanced in open sight;  
‘ Nor have I cause of dread, (he said,)  
Who view, by no presumption led,  
Your revels of the night.

‘ Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,  
Which made my steps unweeting rove  
Amid the nightly dew.’  
‘ Tis well, (the gallant cries again)  
We fairies never injure men  
Who dare to tell us true.

‘ Exalt thy love-dejected heart,  
Be mine the task, or ere we part,  
To make thee grief resign ;  
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce ;  
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,  
Be little Mable thine.’

He spoke, and all a sudden there  
Light music floats in wanton air ;  
The monarch leads the queen :  
The rest their fairy partners found :  
And Mable trimly tripp’d the ground  
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing pass’d, the board was laid,  
And siker such a feast was made  
As heart and lip desire,  
Withouten hands the dishes fly,  
The glasses with a wish come nigh,  
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the fairy king,  
Full every deal they laugh and sing,  
And antic feats devise ;  
Some wind and tumble like an ape,  
And other some transmute their shape  
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,  
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,  
Has bent him up aloof ;  
And full against the beam he flung,  
Where by the back the youth he hung  
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, ' Reverse my charm, (he cries)  
And let it fairly now suffice  
The gambol has been shown :'  
But Oberon answers, with a smile,  
'Content thee, Edwin, for a while,  
The vantage is thine own.'

Here ended all the phantom play ;  
They smelt the fresh approach of day,  
And heard a cock to crow ;  
The whirling wind that bore the crowd  
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,  
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,  
And all at once the tapers die ;  
Poor Edwin falls to floor ;  
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,  
Was never wight in sike a case  
Through all the land before.

But soon as dan Apollo rose,  
Full jolly creature home he goes,  
    He feels his back the less ;  
His honest tongue and steady mind  
Had rid him of the lump behind,  
    Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,  
He seems a dauncing as he walks,  
    His story soon took wind ;  
And beauteous Edith sees the youth  
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,  
    Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz moved,  
The youth of Edith erst approved,  
    To see the revel scene ;  
At close of eve he leaves his home,  
And wends to find the ruin'd dome,  
    All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,  
The wind came rustling down a dell,  
    A shaking seized the wall ;  
Up spring the tapers as before,  
The fairies bragly foot the floor,  
    And music fills the hall.

But, certes, sorely sunk with woe  
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,  
    His spirits in him die :  
When Oberon cries, ‘A man is near,  
A mortal passion, ycleped fear,  
    Hangs flagging in the sky.’

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth !  
 In accents faltering, ay, for ruth,  
     Intreats them pity graunt;  
 'For als he been a mister wight  
 Betray'd by wandering in the night  
     To tread the circled haunt.'

'Ah losell vile, at once they roar,  
 And little skill'd of fairie lore ;  
     Thy cause to come, we know :  
 Now has thy kestrell courage fell ;  
 And fairies, since a lie you tell,  
     Are free to work thee woe.'

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire  
 To trail the swains among the mire,  
     The caitive upward flung :  
 There, like a tortoise in a shop,  
 He dangled from the chamber-top,  
     Where whilom Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,  
 Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,  
     They sit, they drink, and eat ;  
 The time with frolic mirth beguile,  
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while  
     Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,  
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,  
     And down ydrops the knight :  
 For never spell, by fairie laid,  
 With strong enchantment bound a glade,  
     Beyond the length of night.

Still slide thy waters soft among the trees ;  
Thy aspns quiver in a breathing breeze ;  
Smile all thy valleys in eternal spring,  
Be hush'd, ye winds ! while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,  
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat,  
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,  
And flames with every sense of great delight.  
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,  
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne ;  
In all the majesty of Greek retired,  
Himself unknown, his mighty name admired,  
His language failing, wrapp'd him round with night,  
Thine, raised by thee, recalls the work to light.  
So wealthy mines, that ages long before  
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,  
When choked by sinking banks, no more appear,  
And shepherds only say, ' The mines were here !'  
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,  
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)  
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein ;  
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious are thy new designs !  
How every music varies in thy lines !  
Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,  
And rise in raptures by another's heat.  
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,  
When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,  
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle bless'd,  
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest :  
The shades resound with song—O softly tread !  
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires  
My silent harp its master's hand requires,

Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,  
For fortune placed me in unfertile ground ;  
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,  
From wit, from learning far—oh far from thee !  
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf ;  
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf ;  
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,  
Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet ;  
Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,  
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.

Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,  
A friend delight me, and an author please ;  
Even here I sing, while Pope supplies the theme,  
Show my own love, though not increase his fame.

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## HEALTH.

## An Eclogue.

Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,  
And print long footsteps in the glittering grass ;  
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,  
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand :  
When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,  
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn ;  
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,  
A cover'd arbour closed the distant view ;  
There rests the youth, and while the feather'd throng  
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.

‘ Here wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,  
Thou country goddess, beauteous Health ! repair ;  
Here let my breast through quivering trees inhale  
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.

What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see ?  
Ah ! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

‘Joy to my soul ! I feel the goddess nigh,  
The face of Nature cheers as well as I ;  
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,  
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun,  
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,  
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,  
The chirping birds from all the compass rove  
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove :  
High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,  
Thick mossy banks, and flowery winding vales,  
With various prospect gratify the sight,  
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

‘Come, country goddess, come, nor thou suffice,  
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.  
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,  
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chase ;  
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,  
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train :  
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,  
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.  
All these as means of toil the feeble see,  
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

‘Let Sloth lie softening till high noon in down,  
Or, lolling, fan her in the sultry town,  
Unnerved with rest ; and turn her own disease,  
Or foster others in luxurious ease :  
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,  
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds ;  
I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,  
And shake the saplings with their branching head ;  
I make the falcons wing their airy way,  
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey ;

To snare the fish I fix the luring bait ;  
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate :  
'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,  
And strength and pleasure rise from every change.

Here, beauteous Health ! for all the year remain,  
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.  
Oh come ! thou goddess of my rural song,  
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along ;  
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,  
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly :  
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers,  
Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers ;  
To welcome her, this summer seat I dress'd,  
And here I court her when she comes to rest ;  
When she from exercise to learned ease  
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

' Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,  
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine :  
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,  
And such as make me rather good than great :  
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,  
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove :  
The native bard that on Sicilian plains  
First sung the lowly manners of the swains ;  
Or Maro's Muse that in the fairest light  
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight ;  
These soft amusements bring Content along,  
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.

Here, beauteous Health ! for all the year remain,  
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.'

## THE FLIES.

## An Elogue.

WHEN in the river cows for coolness stand,  
And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,  
A youth, whom Æsop taught that every tree,  
Each bird, and insect, spoke as well as he ;  
Walk'd calmly musing in a shady way,  
Where flowering hawthorns broke the sunny ray,  
And thus instructs his moral pen to draw  
A scene, that obvious in the field he saw.

Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,  
Which never learn'd to glide with liquid feet,  
Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,  
But, screen'd with hedges, slumber out the day,  
There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,  
Whose answering branches regularly laid,  
Put forth their answering boughs, and proudly rise  
Three stories upward, in the nether skies.

For shelter here, to shun the noon-day heat,  
An airy nation of the flies retreat ;  
Some in soft airs their silken pinions ply,  
And some from bough to bough delighted fly,  
Some rise, and circling light to perch again ;  
A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.  
So, when a stage invites to pageant shows,  
(If great and small are like) appear the beaux ;  
In boxes some with spruce pretension sit,  
Some change from seat to seat within the pit,  
Some roam the scenes, or, turning, cease to roam ;  
Preluding music fills the lofty dome.

When thus a Fly (if what a Fly can say  
Deserves attention) raised the rural lay :

‘Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,  
Joyful I flew by young Favonia’s side,  
Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip  
The balmy pleasure of the shepherd’s lip.  
I saw the wanton, where I stoop’d to sup,  
And half resolved to drown me in the cup;  
Till brush’d by careless hands, she soar’d above:  
Cease, beauty! cease to vex a tender love.’

Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,  
And thus the rival of his music sung:

‘When suns by thousands shone in orbs of dew,  
I, wafted soft, with Zephyretta flew;  
Saw the clean pail, and sought the milky cheer,  
While little Daphne seized my roving dear.  
Wretch that I was! I might have warn’d the dame,  
Yet sat indulging as the danger came;  
But the kind huntress left her free to soar:  
Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a mistress more.’

Thus from the fern, whose high projecting arms  
The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms,  
The swains their love in easy music breathe,  
When tongues and tumult stun the field beneath:  
Black ants in teams come darkening all the road,  
Some call to march, and some to lift the load;  
They strain, they labour, with incessant pains,  
Press’d by the cumbrous weight of single grains.  
The Flies, struck silent, gaze with wonder down:  
The busy burghers reach their earthy town;  
Where lay the burdens of a wintry store,  
And thence unwearied part in search of more.  
Yet one grave sage a moment’s space attends,  
And the small city’s loftiest point ascends,  
Wipes the salt dew that trickles down his face,  
And thus harangues them with the gravest grace:

‘ Ye foolish nurslings of the summer air,  
These gentle tunes and whining songs forbear;  
Your trees and whispering breeze, your grove and  
love,  
Your Cupid’s quiver, and his mother’s dove;  
Let bards to business bend their vigorous wing,  
And sing but seldom, if they love to sing:  
Else, when the flowerets of the season fail,  
And this your ferny shade forsakes the vale,  
Though one would save ye, not one grain of wheat  
Should pay such songsters idling at my gate.’

He ceased: the Flies, incorrigibly vain,  
Heard the mayor’s speech, and fell to sing again.

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THE  
BOOK-WORM.

(FROM THE LATIN OF BEZA.)

COME hither, boy! we’ll hunt to-day  
The Book-worm, ravening beast of prey,  
Produced by parent earth, at odds,  
As fame reports it, with the gods.  
Him frantic hunger wildly drives  
Against a thousand authors’ lives:  
Through all the fields of wit he flies;  
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,  
With horns without, and tusks within,  
And scales to serve him for a skin.  
Observe him nearly, lest he climb  
To wound the bards of ancient time;  
Or down the vale of fancy go,  
To tear some modern wretch below:

On every corner fix thine eye,  
Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his teeth a passage eat:  
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.  
But who the shelter's forced to give?  
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live?  
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,  
He draws the tadpole form along,  
He mounts the gilded edge before,  
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er,  
He turns, he doubles, there he pass'd,  
And here we have him, caught at last.

Insatiate brute! whose teeth abuse  
The sweetest servants of the Muse.  
(Nay, never offer to deny,  
I took thee in the fact to fly.)  
His roses nipp'd in every page,  
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage.  
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;  
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies:  
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd  
The work of love, in Biddy Floyd;  
They rent Belinda's locks away,  
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.  
For all, for every single deed,  
Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.  
Then fall a victim to the Nine,  
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,  
To pile a sacred altar here;  
Hold, boy, thy hand outruns thy wit,  
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;  
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;  
Pray take your mortal bards again.

Come, bind the victim,—there he lies ;  
And here, between his numerous eyes,  
This venerable dust I lay,  
From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,  
(For the libation's yet to make)  
A health to poets ! all their days  
May they have bread, as well as praise ;  
Sense may they seek, and less engage  
In papers fill'd with party rage.  
But if their riches spoil their vein,  
Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade  
With which my tuneful pens are made.  
I strike the scales that arm thee round,  
And twice and thrice I print the wound ;  
The sacred altar floats with red,  
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,  
This hydra stretch'd beneath my hand !  
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,  
To see what dangers threat the year :  
Ye gods ! what sonnets on a wench !  
What lean translations out of French !  
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,  
S—— prints, before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,  
The sacred altar should be clean.  
Oh, had I Shadwell's second bays,  
Or Tate, thy pert and humble lays !  
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow  
I never miss'd your works till now)  
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,  
(That only way you please the Nine)

But since I chance to want these two,  
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.

Rent from the corpse, on yonder pin,  
I hang the scales that braced it in ;  
I hang my studious morning gown,  
And write my own inscription down :

‘ This trophy from the Python won,  
This robe, in which the deed was done,  
These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,  
Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.  
Here Ignorance and Hunger found  
Large realms of wit to ravage round ;  
Here Ignorance and Hunger fell,  
Two foes in one, I sent to hell.  
Ye poets, who my labours see,  
Come share the triumph all with me !  
Ye critics ! born to vex the Muse,  
Go mourn the grand ally you lose.’

## AN

## ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,  
Our race of mortals call him Care ;  
(Were Homer living, well he knew  
What name the gods have call'd him too)  
With fine mechanic genius wrought,  
And loved to work, though no one bought.

This being by a model bred  
In Jove's eternal sable head,  
Contrived a shape impower'd to breathe,  
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake ;  
Wondering to see himself awake !  
Then look'd so wise, before he knew  
The business he was made to do,  
That pleased to see with what a grace  
He gravely show'd his forward face,  
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,  
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,  
Which ever binds a poet's god ;  
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,  
And mother Earth's obliged to quake ;)  
He saw old mother Earth arise,  
She stood confess'd before his eyes ;  
But not with what we read she wore,  
A castle for a crown before,  
Nor with long streets and longer roads  
Dangling behind her, like commodes :  
As yet with wreaths alone she dress'd !  
And trail'd a landscape-painted vest.  
Then thrice she raised, as Ovid said,  
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honours made, 'Great Jove ! (she cried)  
This thing was fashion'd from my side ;  
His hands, his heart, his head are mine ;  
Then what hast thou to call him thine ?'

' Nay rather ask, (the monarch said)  
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,  
Were what I gave removed away ?  
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.'

' Halves, more than halves ! (cried honest Care)  
Your pleas would make your titles fair ;  
You claim the body, you the soul,  
But I, who join'd them, claim the whole.'

Thus with the gods debate began,  
On such a trivial cause as Man.  
And can celestial tempers rage ?  
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by ;  
(There's none that paint him such as I,  
For what the fabling ancients sung,  
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)  
As yet his winters had not shed  
Their silver honours on his head ;  
He just had got his pinions free,  
From his old sire Eternity.

A serpent girdled round he wore,  
The tail within the mouth, before ;  
By which our almanacks are clear  
That learned Egypt meant the year.  
A staff he carried, where on high  
A glass was fix'd to measure by,  
As amber boxes made a show  
For heads of canes an age ago.  
His vest, for day and night, was pied ;  
A bending sickle arm'd his side ;  
And Spring's new months his train adorn !  
The other Seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,  
They make him umpire of the cause.  
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,  
Where since his hours a dial made ;  
Then leaning heard the nice debate,  
And thus pronounced the words of Fate :—

‘ Since body from the parent Earth,  
And soul from Jove received a birth,  
Return they where they first began ;  
But since their union makes the Man,

Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,  
To Care who join'd them, Man is due.'

He said, and sprung with swift career  
To trace a circle for the year ;  
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,  
And tread on one another's heel.

‘ ‘Tis well, (said Jove) and for consent  
Thundering he shook the firmament.  
Our umpire Time shall have his way,  
With Care I let the creature stay :  
Let business vex him, avarice blind,  
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,  
Let error act, opinion speak,  
And want afflict, and sickness break,  
And anger burn, dejection chill,  
And joy distract, and sorrow kill.  
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,  
Time draws the long destructive blow ;  
And wasted Man, whose quick decay  
Comes hurrying on before his day,  
Shall only find by this decree,  
The soul flies sooner back to me.’

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PIETY<sup>1</sup>;

OR, THE VISION.

‘ ‘TWAS when the night in silent sable fled,  
When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,  
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,  
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene ;

<sup>1</sup> This, and the following poem, are not in the octavo edition of Dr. Parnell's Poems published by Mr. Pope : but were first communicated to the public by the late ingenious Mr. James Arbuckle, and published in his Hibernicus's Letters, N<sup>o</sup> 62.

'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,  
A sudden splendour seem'd to kindle day,  
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,  
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room ;  
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,  
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest ;  
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,  
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore ;  
Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,  
And all her sweet companions, sons of light.

Straight as I gazed, my fear and wonder grew,  
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view ;  
When lo ! a cherub of the shining crowd  
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,  
Fann'd the soft air, and downward seem'd to glide,  
And to my lips a living coal applied.  
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran  
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began :

‘Where glorious mansions are prepared above,  
The seats of music, and the seats of love,  
Thence I descend, and Piety my name,  
To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,  
To teach thee praises mix'd with humble prayers,  
And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs :  
Be thou my bard.’ A vial here she caught,  
(An angel's hand the crystal vial brought)  
And as with awful sound the word was said,  
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head ;  
Then thus proceeded :—‘ Be thy Muse thy zeal ;  
Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.  
While other pencils flattering forms create,  
And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great ;  
While other pens exalt the vain delight,  
Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night ;

Or others softly sing in idle lines  
How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines ;  
More wisely thou select a theme divine,  
Fame is their recompense, 'tis heaven is thine !

‘ Despise the raptures of discorded fire,  
Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire  
Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,  
Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth ;  
Like working seas, that when loud winters blow,  
Not made for rising, only rage below.  
Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,  
More lasting still, as more intensely great,  
Produced where prayer, and praise, and pleasure  
breathe,  
And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.  
Unpaint the love, that hovering over beds,  
From glittering pinions guilty pleasure sheds ;  
Restore the colour to the golden mines  
With which behind the feather'd idol shines ;  
To flowering greens give back their native care,  
The rose and lily, never his to wear ;  
To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath ;  
Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom, Death ;  
His bow be sabled o'er, his shafts the same,  
And fork and paint them with eternal flame.

‘ But urge thy powers, thine utmost voice advance,  
Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance ;  
‘Tis love that angels praise and men adore,  
‘Tis love divine that asks it all, and more.  
Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,  
Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way ;  
And, all in glory wrapp'd, through paths untrod  
Pursue the great unseen descent of GOD :  
Hail the meek Virgin, bid the child appear,  
The child is GOD ! and call him JESUS here.

He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh,  
Make the great Being in a manger lie;  
Fill the wide sky with angels on the wing, [sing;  
Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand  
Let men afflict him, men he came to save,  
And still afflict him till he reach the grave;  
Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,  
And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;  
I'll bathe my tresses there, my prayers rehearse,  
And glide in flames of love along thy verse.

‘Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,  
My raptures smother what I long to tell.  
‘Tis God! a present God! Through cleaving air  
I see the throne, and see the Jesus there  
Placed on the right. He shows the wounds he bore,  
(My fervours oft have won him thus before) [ear:  
How pleased he looks! my words have reach'd his  
He bids the gates unbar, and calls me near.’ [tread,

She ceased. The cloud on which she seem'd to  
Its curls unfolded, and around her spread;  
Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,  
And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud;  
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky  
Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly;  
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,  
And faint their softness, till they fail below.

My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,  
And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke:  
‘Thou beauteous Vision! on my soul impress'd,  
When most my reason would appear to rest,  
‘Twas sure with pencils dipp'd in various lights  
Some curious Angel limn'd thy sacred sights;  
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,  
White moons the silver gave, and air the blue.

I'll mount the roving winds' expanded wing,  
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;  
('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays  
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.

'But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,  
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;  
And barely with the wondrous gift I boast,  
And faintly practise what deserves it most.

'Indulgent Lord! whose gracious love displays  
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease!  
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss;  
Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this.'

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### AN ELEGY.

#### TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

IN vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight,  
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,  
Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,  
Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair:  
If truth, in spite of manners, must be told,  
Why, really, fifty-five is something old. [long

Once you were young; or one, whose life's so  
She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong:  
And once, since Envy's dead before you die,  
The women own you play'd a sparkling eye,  
Taught the light foot a modish little trip,  
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip.—

To some new charmer are the roses fled,  
Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red;  
Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,  
And airs by thousands fill their easy train.  
So parting summer bids her flowery prime  
Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,

While withering seasons in succession, here,  
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou, since Nature bids, the world resign,  
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine ;  
With more address, or such as pleases more,  
She runs her female exercises o'er,  
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,  
And smiles, or blushes, at the creature—man.  
With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,  
In sideling courtesy she drops the glass,  
With better strength, on visit-days she bears  
To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.  
Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes, and tongue,  
Are sure to conquer—for the rogue is young :  
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,  
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let time that makes you homely, make you sage,  
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.  
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,  
And hears the flattering tongues of soft desire,  
If not from virtue, from its gravest ways  
The soul with pleasing avocation strays :  
But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise ;  
As harpers better by the loss of eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,  
Haunt less the plays, and more the public prayers,  
Reject the Mechlin head and gold brocade,  
Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.  
Thy pendent diamonds let thy Fanny take,  
(Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake)  
Or bid her wear thy necklace, row'd with pearl,  
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.  
So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,  
You walk through life, unmixed with the young ;

And view the shade and substance as you pass,  
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass ;  
Or Folly dress'd, and rambling all her days,  
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise :  
Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,  
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.

'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,  
The wise Athenian cross'd a glittering fair ;  
Unmoved by tongues and sights, he walk'd the  
place,  
Through tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace ;  
Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,  
And ' What a world I never want ! ' he cries ;  
But cries unheard : for folly will be free,  
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd and he :  
As careless he for them, as they for him ;  
He wrapp'd in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

---

## AN

## IMITATION

OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.

RELENTLESS Time ! destroying power,  
Whom stone and brass obey,  
Who givest to every flying hour  
To work some new decay ;  
Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,  
Thy secret saps prevail,  
And ruin man, a nice machine,  
By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet,  
Before I thought it nigh:

My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,  
And all their beauties die.

In age I search, and only find  
A poor unfruitful gain;

Grave wisdom stalking slow behind,  
Oppress'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,  
And fancied joys inspire;

My errors cherish'd Hope to smile  
On newly-born Desire.

But now experience shows, the bliss  
For which I fondly sought,  
Not worth the long impatient wish,  
And ardour of the thought.

My youth met Fortune fair array'd,  
In all her pomp she shone,  
And might, perhaps, have well essay'd,  
To make her gifts my own:

But when I saw the blessings shower  
On some unworthy mind,  
I left the chase, and own'd the power  
Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn  
The splendid courts of kings,  
And while the persons moved my scorn,  
I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vigorous fire  
By love increased the more;  
But years with coming years conspire,  
To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see  
 With idle lustre shine ;  
 For what are all their joys to me,  
 Which cannot now be mine ?

But hold—I feel my gout decrease,  
 My troubles laid to rest,  
 And truths which would disturb my peace  
 Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll  
 In sad reflection flies ;  
 Ye fondling passions of my soul !  
 Ye sweet deceits ! arise.

I wisely change the scene within,  
 To things that used to please ;  
 In pain, philosophy is spleen,  
 In health, 'tis only ease.

---

### BACCHUS.

As Bacchus, ranging at his leisure,  
 (Jolly Bacchus, king of pleasure !)  
 Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,  
 And all his thousand airy fancies,  
 Alas ! he quite forgot the while  
 His favourite vines in Lesbos' isle.  
 The god, returning ere they died,  
 ' Ah ! see, my jolly Fauns, (he cried)  
 The leaves but hardly born are red,  
 And the bare arms for pity spread :  
 The beasts afford a rich manure ;  
 Fly, my boys, to bring the cure ;

Up the mountains, o'er the vales,  
Through the woods, and down the dales ;  
For this, if full the cluster grow,  
Your bowls shall doubly overflow.'

So cheer'd, with more officious haste  
They bring the dung of every beast ;  
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,  
They lay the rich manure with care ;  
While oft he calls to labour hard,  
And names as oft the red reward.

The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,  
The thickening clusters load the year ;  
The season swiftly purple grew,  
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.

A vineyard ripe, a day serene  
Now calls them all to work again :  
The Fauns through every furrow shoot  
To load their flaskets with the fruit ;  
And now the vintage early trod,  
The wines invite the jovial god.

Strow the roses, raise the song,  
See the master comes along ;  
Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter,  
Whim and Frolic follow after :  
The Fauns aside the vats remain  
To show the work, and reap the gain.

All around, and all around  
They sit to riot on the ground ;  
A vessel stands amidst the ring,  
And here they laugh, and there they sing ;  
Or rise a jolly jolly band,  
And dance about it hand in hand ;  
Dance about, and shout amain,  
Then sit to laugh and sing again.

Thus they drink, and thus they play  
The sun, and all their wits away.

But, as an ancient author sung,  
The vine, manured with every dung,  
From every creature strangely drew  
A twang of brutal nature too ;  
'Twas hence, in drinking on the lawns,  
New turns of humour seized the Fauns.

Here one was crying out, ' By Jove !'  
Another, ' Fight me in the grove.'  
This wounds a friend, and that the trees ;  
The lion's temper reign'd in these.

Another grins, and leaps about,  
And keeps a merry world of rout,  
And talks impertinently free,  
And twenty talk the same as he :  
Chattering, idle, airy, kind :  
These take the monkey's turn of mind.

Here one, that saw the nymphs which stood  
To peep upon them from the wood,  
Steals off to try if any maid  
Be lagging late beneath the shade :  
While loose discourse another raises  
In naked Nature's plainest phrases,  
And every glass he drinks enjoys,  
With change of nonsense, lust, and noise ;  
Mad and careless, hot and vain :  
Such as these the goat retain.

Another drinks and casts it up,  
And drinks, and wants another cup ;  
Solemn, silent, and sedate,  
Ever long, and ever late,  
Full of meats, and full of wine :  
This takes his temper from the swine.

Here some who hardly seem to breathe,  
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath.  
Gaping, tender, apt to weep :  
Their nature's alter'd by the sheep.

'Twas thus one autumn all the crew  
(If what the poets say be true)  
While Bacchus made the merry feast,  
Inclined to one, or other beast :  
And since, 'tis said, for many a mile  
He spread the vines of Lesbos' isle.

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## ANACREONTIC.

WHEN spring came on with fresh delight,  
To cheer the soul, and charm the sight,  
While easy breezes, softer rain,  
And warmer suns salute the plain ;  
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,  
That Nature went to meet with Love.

Green was her robe, and green her wreath,  
Where'er she trod, 'twas green beneath ;  
Where'er she turn'd, the pulses beat  
With new recruits of genial heat ;  
And in her train the birds appear,  
To match for all the coming year.

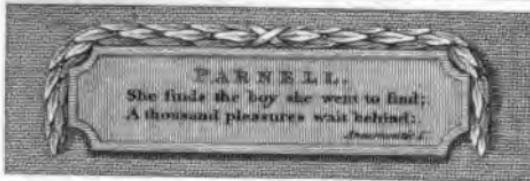
Raised on a bank where daisies grew,  
And violets intermix'd a blue,  
She finds the boy she went to find ;  
A thousand pleasures wait behind,  
Aside, a thousand arrows lie,  
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

When they met, the Dame and Boy,  
Dancing Graces, idle Joy,

Wanton Smiles, and airy Play,  
Conspired to make the scene be gay ;  
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,  
And Nature bid them sing to Love,  
Sitting, hoping, fluttering, sing,  
And pay their tribute from the wing,  
To fledge the shafts that idly lie,  
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.  
'Tis thus, when Spring renew's the blood,  
They meet in every trembling wood,  
And thrice they make the plumes agree,  
And every dart they mount with three,  
And every dart can boast a kind,  
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the towering eagle's plume  
The generous hearts accept their doom :  
Shot by the peacock's painted eye  
The vain and airy lovers die :  
For careful dames and frugal men,  
The shafts are speckled by the hen :  
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,  
When prattling wins the panting hearts :  
When from the voice the passions spring,  
The warbling finch affords a wing :  
Together, by the sparrow stung,  
Down fall the wanton and the young :  
And fledged by geese the weapons fly,  
When others love they know not why.

All this (as late I chanced to rove)  
I learn'd in yonder waving grove,  
'And see, (says Love, who call'd me near,)  
How much I deal with Nature here,  
How both support a proper part,  
She gives the feather, I the dart :



Drawn by Rich. Morland, R.A.

Engraved by Arch'd. Gordon.

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Bromley.*



Then cease for souls averse to sigh,  
If Nature cross ye, so do I ;  
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,  
And shakes and shuffles through the skies.  
But if the mutual charms I find  
By which she links you mind to mind,  
They wing my shafts, I poize the darts,  
And strike from both, through both your hearts.'

---

## ANACREONTIC.

GAY Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,  
A noble meal bespoke us ;  
And for the guests that were to dine,  
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,  
Near Comus, Jocus placed ;  
For wine makes Love forget its care,  
And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly god,  
Each sweet engaging Grace  
Put on some clothes to come abroad,  
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid named at every glass  
A lady of the sky ;  
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the lass,  
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus toss'd his brimmers o'er,  
And always got the most ;  
Jocus took care to fill him more,  
Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

They call'd, and drank at every touch ;  
    He fill'd and drank again ;  
And if the gods can take too much,  
    'Tis said, they did so then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,  
    By reckoning his deceits ;  
And Cupid mock'd his stammering tongue,  
    With all his staggering gaits :  
And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,  
    And tales without a jest ;  
While Comus call'd his witty plays  
    But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds ;  
    And, had I Homer's pen,  
I'd sing ye, how they drank like gods,  
    And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,  
    Who make them soon agree ;  
Nay, had the Furies selves been nigh,  
    They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeased, raised Cupid up,  
    And gave him back his bow ;  
But kept some darts to stir the cup,  
    Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,  
    And gaily wore the prize,  
And thrice, in mirth, he push'd him down,  
    As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove  
    Where Venus did recline,  
And Venus close embracing Love,  
    They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly cursing Wit,  
Roll'd off to some retreat,  
Where boon companions gravely sit  
In fat unwieldy state.

Bacchus and Jocus still behind,  
For one fresh glass prepare ;  
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,  
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear  
This our instructive song ;  
For though such friendships may be dear,  
They can't continue long.

---

## SONG.

‘ WHEN thy beauty appears  
In its graces and airs,  
All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the sky :  
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,  
So strangely you dazzle my eye !

‘ But when, without art,  
Your kind thoughts you impart,  
When your love runs in blushes through every vein ;  
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants  
in your heart,  
Then I know you’re a woman again.’

‘ There’s a passion and pride  
In our sex, (she replied)  
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do :  
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,  
But still be a woman to you.’

## SONG.

THYRSIS, a young and amorous swain,  
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,  
Who both his heart subdue;  
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,  
Sabina's easy shape and air  
With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,  
Lives in a fond romance of love,  
And seems for each to die;  
Till each, a little spiteful grown,  
Sabina, Cælia's shape ran down,  
And she Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find  
Those eyes which love could only blind;  
So set the lover free:  
No more he haunts the grove or stream,  
Or with a true-love knot and name  
Engraves a wounded tree.

‘ Ah, Cælia ! (sly Sabina cried)  
Though neither love, we're both denied;  
Now to support the sex's pride,  
Let either fix the dart.’  
‘ Poor girl, (says Cælia) say no more;  
For should the swain but one adore,  
That spite which broke his chains before,  
Would break the other's heart.’

## SONG.

**M**y days have been so wondrous free,  
 The little birds that fly,  
**W**ith careless ease, from tree to tree,  
 Were but as bless'd as I.  
**A**sk gliding waters, if a tear  
 Of mine increased their stream ?  
**O**r ask the flying gales, if e'er  
 I lent one sigh to them ?  
**B**ut now my former days retire,  
 And I'm by beauty caught,  
**T**he tender chains of sweet desire  
 Are fix'd upon my thought.  
**Y**e nightingales, ye twisting pines !  
 Ye swains that haunt the grove !  
**Y**e gentle echoes, breezy winds !  
 Ye close retreats of love !  
**W**ith all of nature, all of art,  
 Assist the dear design ;  
**O** teach a young, unpractised heart,  
 To make my Nancy mine.  
**T**he very thought of change I hate,  
 As much as of despair ;  
**N**or ever covet to be great,  
 Unless it be for her.  
**'T**is true, the passion in my mind  
 Is mix'd with soft distress ;  
**Y**et while the Fair I love is kind,  
 I cannot wish it less.

## THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

WRITTEN IN THE  
TIME OF JULIUS CÆSAR,  
AND BY SOME ASCRIBED TO CATULLUS.

“ LET those love now, who never loved before ;  
Let those who always loved, now love the more.”

The Spring, the new, the warbling Spring appears,  
The youthful season of reviving years ;  
In Spring the Loves enkindle mutual heats ;  
The feather’d nation choose their tuneful mates,  
The trees grow fruitful with descending rain,  
And, dress’d in differing greens, adorn the plain.  
She comes ; to-morrow Beauty’s empress roves  
Through walks that winding run within the groves ;  
She twines the shooting myrtle into bowers,  
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flowers ;  
Then raised sublimely on her easy throne  
From Nature’s powerful dictates draws her own.

“ Let these love now, who never loved before ;  
Let those who always loved, now love the more.”

‘Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood  
Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood ;  
Wandering in circles stood the finny crew,  
The midst was left a void expanse of blue,  
There parent ocean work’d with heaving throes,  
And dropping wet the fair Dione rose.

“ Let those love now, who never loved before ;  
Let those who always loved, now love the more.”

She paints the purple year with varied show,  
Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow.  
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,  
Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees.  
When gathering damps the misty nights diffuse,  
She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;  
Bright trembling pearls depend at every spray,  
And, kept from falling, seem to fall away.  
A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,  
And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves;  
(The drops descending through the silent night,  
While stars serenely roll their golden light,)  
Close till the morn, her humid veil she holds;  
Then, deck'd with virgin pomp, the flower unfolds.  
Soon will the morning blush: ye maids! prepare;  
In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair;  
'Tis Venus' plant: the blood fair Venus shed,  
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;  
From love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell  
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;  
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light  
The richest lustre makes her purple bright;  
And she to-morrow weds; the sporting gale  
Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil;  
Through all her sweets the rising lover flies,  
And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.

“ Let those lovèd now, who never loved before;  
Let those who always loved, now love the more.”

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove  
Sends the gay nymphs, and sends her tender Love.  
And shall they venture? is it safe to go,  
While nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a  
Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will; [bow?  
He walks unarm'd and undesigning ill,

His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,  
His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung. [charms;  
And yet, ye nymphs, beware; his eyes have  
And Love that's naked, still is Love in arms.

“ Let those love now, who never loved before;  
Let those who always loved, now love the more.”

From Venus' bower to Delia's lodge repairs  
A virgin train complete with modest airs:  
‘ Chaste Delia! grant our suit! or shun the wood,  
Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.  
Venus, O Delia! if she could persuade,  
Would ask thy presence; might she ask a maid.’  
Here cheerful choirs for three auspicious nights  
With songs prolong the pleasurable rites:  
Here crowds in measures lightly-decent rove;  
Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,  
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,  
And mingling flowerets strow the scenes of love:  
Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves:  
Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves:  
Here Wit's enchanting god, in laurel crown'd,  
Wakes all the ravish'd hours with silver sound.  
Ye fields, ye forests, own Dione's reign,  
And Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain.

“ Let those love now, who never loved before;  
Let those who always loved, now love the more.”

Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,  
The queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;  
And there presides, and there the favourite band  
(Her smiling Graces) share the great command.  
Now, beauteous Hybla! dress thy flowery beds  
With all the pride the lavish season sheds;  
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,  
And rival Enna's aromatic field.

To fill the presence of the gentle court  
From every quarter rural nymphs resort.  
From woods, from mountains, from their humble  
vales,

From waters curling with the wanton gales.  
Pleased with the joyful train, the laughing queen  
In circles seats them round the bank of green ;  
And 'lovely girls, (she whispers) guard your hearts ;  
My boy, though stripp'd of arms, abounds in arts.'

" Let those love now, who never loved before ;  
And those who always loved, now love the more."

Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,  
Let early flowers erect their painted head.  
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen,  
That day, old Ether wedded Earth in green.  
The vernal father bid the Spring appear,  
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,  
The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,  
And all the various sorts of soul began.  
By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins  
Distilling life, the fruitful goddess reigns,  
Through all the lovely realms of native day,  
Through all the circled land, and circling sea ;  
With fertile seed she fill'd the pervious earth,  
And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.

" Let those love now, who never loved before ;  
Let those who always loved, now love the more."

'Twas she the parent, to the Latian shore  
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.  
She won Lavinia for her warlike son,  
And winning her, the Latian empire won.  
She gave to Mars the maid, whose honour'd womb  
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.

Decoy'd by shows the Sabine dames she led,  
And taught our vigorous youth the means to wed.  
Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine  
Through which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.

“ Let those love now, who never loved before;  
Let those who always loved, now love the more.”

In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns;  
The life of beauty fills the rural scenes;  
Even Love (if fame the truth of love declare)  
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.  
Some pleasing meadow pregnant beauty press'd,  
She laid her infant on its flowery breast,  
From Nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,  
He smiled, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.

“ Let those love now, who never loved before,  
Let those who always loved, now love the more.”

Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,  
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.  
Now stately rams their fleecy consorts lead,  
Who bleating follow through the wandering shade.  
And now the goddess bids the birds appear,  
Raise all their music, and salute the year:  
Then deep the swan begins, and deep the song  
Runs o'er the water where he sails along;  
While Philomela tunes a treble strain,  
And from the poplar charms the listening plain.  
We fancy love express'd at every note,  
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.  
Of barbarous Tereus she complains no more,  
But sings for pleasure, as for grief before.  
And still her graces rise, her airs extend,  
And all is silence till the siren end.

How long in coming is my lovely Spring!  
And when shall I, and when the swallow sing?

Sweet Philomela, cease,—Or here I sit,  
And silent lose my rapturous hour of wit:—  
‘Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,  
My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away:  
His own Amycle thus, as stories run,  
But once was silent, and that once undone.

“ Let those love now, who never loved before;  
Let those who always loved, now love the more,”



HOMER'S  
BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:  
OR,  
THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.  
In Three Books. •

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

**PHYSIGNATHUS**, *one who swells his cheeks.*  
**Pelus**, *a name for mud.*  
**Hydromeduse**, *a ruler in the waters.*  
**Hypsiboas**, *a loud bawler.*  
**Pelion**, *from mud.*  
**Scuticenus**, *called from the bees.*  
**Polyphonus**, *a great babbler.*  
**Lymnocharis**, *one who loves the lake.*  
**Crambophagus**, *a cabbage eater.*  
**Lymnisius**, *called from the lake.*  
**Calaminthius**, *from the herb.*  
**Hydrocharis**, *who loves the water.*  
**Borboreates**, *who lies in the mud.*  
**Prassophagus**, *an eater of garlic.*  
**Pelusius**, *from mud.*  
**Pelobates**, *who walks in the dirt.*  
**Prasaeus**, *called from garlic.*  
**Craugasides**, *from croaking.*

NAMES OF THE MICE.

**PSYCARPAX**, *one who plunders granaries.*  
**Troxartas**, *a bread eater.*  
**Lychomile**, *alicker of meal.*  
**Pternotractas**, *a bacon-eater.*  
**Lychopynax**, *alicker of dishes.*  
**Embasichytros**, *a creeper into pots.*  
**Lychenor**, *a name for licking.*  
**Troglodytes**, *one who runs into holes.*  
**Artophagus**, *who feeds on bread.*  
**Tyroglyphus**, *a cheese scooper.*  
**Pternoglyphus**, *a bacon scooper.*  
**Pternophagus**, *a bacon eater.*  
**Cnissodiocetes**, *one who follows the steam of kitchens.*  
**Sitophagus**, *an eater of wheat.*  
**Meridarpax**, *one who plunders his share.*

## HOMER'S

### BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE, ETC.

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#### BOOK I.

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,  
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial choir!  
From Helicon's imbowering height repair,  
Attend my labours, and reward my prayer.  
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,  
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;  
How threatening Mice advanced with warlike  
grace,

And waged dire combats with the croaking race.  
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' towers,  
When earth-born giants dared immortal powers.  
These equal acts an equal glory claim,  
And thus the Muse records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,  
And just escaped the stretching claws of death,  
A gentle Mouse, whom cats pursued in vain,  
Fled swift-of-foot across the neighbouring plain,  
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,  
And dipp'd his whiskers in the standing pool;  
When near a courteous Frog advanced his head;  
And from the waters, hoarse-resounding, said;—

‘ What art thou, stranger? what the line you boast?

What chance has cast thee panting on our coast?  
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,  
Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee.

If worthy friendship, proffer’d friendship take,  
And entering view the pleasurable lake:  
Range o’er my palace, in my bounty share,  
And glad return from hospitable fare.

This silver realm extends beneath my sway,  
And me, their monarch, all its Frogs obey.  
Great Physignathus I, from Peleus’ race,  
Begot in fair Hydromede’s embrace,  
Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,  
The swift Eridanus delights to glide.

Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim  
A sceptred king; a son of martial fame;  
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.’—  
Thus ceased the Frog, and thus the Mouse replies:

‘ Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly  
Through wild expanses of the midway sky,  
My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,  
The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me.  
Of brave Troxartas’ line, whose sleeky down  
In love compress’d Lychomilè the brown:  
My mother she, and princess of the plains  
Where’er her father Pternotractas reigns:  
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,  
With figs, with nuts, with varied dainties fed.  
But since our natures nought in common know,  
From what foundation can a friendship grow?  
These curling waters o’er thy palace roll;  
But man’s high food supports my princely soul.

In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie  
 Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye.  
 In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,  
 In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,  
 In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,  
 Or honied cakes, which gods themselves regale:  
 And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,  
 Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight;  
 Though large to mine the human form appear,  
 Not man himself can smite my soul with fear.  
 Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,  
 Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,  
 And fix indented wounds with dexterous skill,  
 Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.  
 Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,  
 Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,  
 And that false trap, the den of silent fate,  
 Where Death his ambush plants around the bait:  
 All-dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest  
 The potent warriors of the tabby vest;  
 If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,  
 And rend our heroes of the nibbling race;  
 But me, nor stalks nor waterish herbs delight,  
 Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,  
 The lake-resounding Frogs' selected fare,  
 Which not a Mouse of any taste can bear.'

As thus the downy prince his mind express'd,  
 His answer thus the croaking king address'd:  
 ' Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,  
 And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:  
 We sport in water, or we dance on land,  
 And, born amphibious, food from both command.  
 But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,  
 And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee through:

*Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,  
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.'*

He said, and bent his back ; with nimble bound  
Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his arms around,  
Then wondering floats, and sees with glad survey  
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.  
But when aloft the curling water rides,  
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,  
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,  
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,  
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,  
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears ;  
He sighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for shore ;  
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar ;  
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he spake,  
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake :

*' So pass'd Europa through the rapid sea,  
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way ;  
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,  
And safe in Crete deposed his lovely load.  
Ah, safe at last ! may thus the Frog support  
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.'*

As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,  
Lo ! from the deep a water hydra rose ;  
He rolls his sanguined eyes, his bosom heaves,  
And darts with active rage along the waves.  
Confused, the monarch sees his hissing foe,  
And dives, to shun the sable fates, below.  
Forgetful Frog ! the friend thy shoulders bore,  
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore :  
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,  
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief :  
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,  
And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.

The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,  
And thus the prince his dying rage express'd :

‘ Nor thou, that fling'st me floundering from thy  
back,  
As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack,  
Nor thou shalt scape thy due, perfidious king !  
Pursued by vengeance on the swiftest wing :  
At land thy strength could never equal mine,  
At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.  
But heaven has gods, and gods have searching  
eyes :

Ye Mice, ye Mice, my great avengers rise !’

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping died,  
His death the young Lychopynax espied,  
As on the flowery brink he pass'd the day,  
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.  
Loud shrieks the Mouse, his shrieks the shores  
repeat ;

The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate :  
Grief, dismal grief ensues ; deep murmurs sound,  
And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.  
From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,  
To fix their council with the rising sun ;  
Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,  
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains,  
Psycarpax' father, father now no more !  
For poor Psycarpax lies remote from shore ;  
Supine he lies ! the silent waters stand,  
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land !

## BOOK II.

WHEN rosy-finger'd morn had tinged the clouds,  
Around their monarch-mouse the nation crowds,  
Slow rose the sovereign, heaved his anxious breast,  
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, address'd :

‘ For lost Psycarpax much my soul endures,  
‘ Tis mine the private grief, the public, yours.  
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,  
Three sons, alas, before their father dead!  
Our eldest perish'd by the ravening cat,  
As near my court the prince unheedful sat:  
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,  
The portal gaped, the bait was hung in view;  
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,  
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!  
The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,  
Plunged in the lake by Physignathus, died.  
Rouse all the war, my friends! avenge the deed:  
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.’

His words in every breast inspired alarms,  
And careful Mars supplied their host with arms.  
In verdant hulls, despoil'd of all their beans,  
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:  
Quills, aptly bound, their bracing corselet made,  
Faced with the plunder of a cat they flay'd:  
The lamp's round boss affords their ample shield;  
Large shells of nuts their covering helmet yield;  
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,  
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.  
Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear;  
The wondering Frogs perceive the tumult near,

Forsake the waters, thickening from a ring,  
 And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring.  
 When near the crowd, disclosed to public view,  
 The valiant chief Embasichytros drew :  
 The sacred herald's sceptre grac'd his hand,  
 And thus his word express'd his king's command :

‘ Ye Frogs ! the Mice, with vengeance fired,  
 advance,

And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance ;  
 Their hapless prince by Physignathus slain,  
 Extends incumbent on the watery plain :  
 Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try ;  
 Lead forth those Frogs that have the soul to die.’

The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,  
 And proudly swelling, yet perplex'd appear :  
 Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,  
 Who, rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame :

‘ O friends ! I never forced the Mouse to death,  
 Nor saw the gasping of his latest breath.  
 He, vain of youth, our art of swimming tried,  
 And, venturous, in the lake the wanton died.  
 To vengeance now by false appearance led,  
 They point their anger at my guiltless head :  
 But wage the rising war by deep device,  
 And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.

Your king directs the way ; my thoughts, elate  
 With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.  
 Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,  
 And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,  
 There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,  
 Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight :  
 Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,  
 Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouse arrest ;

Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,  
Till countless circles whirl the lake below ;  
Down sink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd ;  
Loud flash the waters ; and the shores resound :  
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,  
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.'

He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts  
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.

Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,  
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close,  
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,  
And green the colewort, which the target made.  
Form'd of the varied shells the waters yield,  
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field :  
And tapering sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,  
With upright order pierced the ambient air.  
Thus dress'd for war, they take the' appointed  
height,

Poise the long arms, and urge the promised fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,  
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,  
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates  
Unbar ; the gods assume their golden seats :  
The sire superior leans, and points to show  
What wondrous combats mortals wage below :  
How strong, how large, the numerous heroes  
stride !

What length of lance they shake with warlike pride !  
What eager fire their rapid march reveals !  
So the fierce Centaurs ravaged o'er the dales ;  
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,  
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the Gods be foes.

This seen, the power his sacred visage rears,  
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,

And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,  
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs assist ?

Then thus to Pallas :—‘ If my daughter’s mind  
Have join’d the Mice, why stays she still behind ;  
Drawn forth by savoury steams they wind their way,  
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,  
Where while the victims gratify their taste,  
They sport to please the goddess of the feast.’

Thus spake the Ruler of the spacious skies,  
But thus, resolved, the blue-eyed Maid replies :  
‘ In vain, my father ! all their dangers plead,  
To such thy Pallas never grants her aid,  
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,  
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil :  
(Ills following ills !) but what afflicts me more,  
My veil that idle race profanely tore.

The web was curious, wrought with art divine :  
Relentless wretches ! all the work was mine !

Along the loom the purple warp I spread,  
Cast the light shoot, and cross’d the silver thread ;  
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,  
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,  
For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve,  
(The gods, that use no coin, have none to give.  
And learning’s goddess never less can owe,  
Neglected learning gains no wealth below.)  
Nor let the Frogs to win my succour sue,  
Those clamorous fools have lost my favour too :  
For late, when all the conflict ceased at night,  
When my stretch’d sinews work’d with eager fight,  
When, spent with glorious toil, I left the field,  
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield ;  
Lo ! from the deep, repelling sweet repose,  
With noisy croakings half the nation rose,

Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,  
 Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.  
 Let all, like me, from either host forbear,  
 Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear,  
 Lest heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)  
 Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.  
 Some daring Mouse may meet the wondrous odds,  
 Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.  
 O'er gilded clouds reclined, the danger view,  
 And be the wars of mortals scenes for you.' [suade;  
 So moved the blue-eyed queen; her words per-  
 Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.

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## BOOK III.

Now front-to front the marching armies shine,  
 Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line:  
 The chiefs, conspicuous seen and heard afar,  
 Give the loud signal to the rushing war; [sound,  
 Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd horns  
 The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground,  
 Even Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,  
 And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.

First to the fight large Hypsiboas flew,  
 And brave Lychenor with a javelin slew:  
 The luckless warrior, fill'd with generous flame,  
 Stood foremost glittering in the post of fame;  
 When in his liver struck, the javelin hung,  
 The Mouse fell thundering and the target rung;  
 Prone to the ground, he sinks his closing eye;  
 And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.

A spear at Pelion, Troglodytes cast,  
 The missive spear within the bosom pass'd;

Death's sable shades the fainting Frog surround,  
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.  
Embasichytros felt Scutlæus' dart  
Transfix and quiver in his panting heart ;  
But great Artophagus avenged the slain,  
And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain ;  
And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd  
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound ;  
Deep through the belly pierced, supine he lay,  
And breathed his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire  
A victor triumph and a friend expire,  
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,  
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought ;  
(A warrior versed in arts of sure retreat,  
But arts in vain elude impending fate ;)  
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,  
And o'er his eyelids clouds eternal dwell.  
Lychenor (second of the glorious name)  
Striding advanced, and took no wandering aim ;  
Through all the Frog the shining javelin flies,  
And near the vanquish'd Mouse the victor dies.

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,  
Long bred to banquets, less inured to fights,  
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,  
And, wildly floundering, flashes up the deep ;  
Lychenor following with a downward blow,  
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe ;  
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood  
Distains the surface of the silver flood ;  
Through the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,  
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.

Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus assails,  
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flowery vales,

Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,  
He came to perish on the bank of fate.

The dread *Pternoglyphus* demands the fight,  
Which tender *Calaminthius* shuns by flight,  
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,  
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below :  
But dire *Pternophagus* divides his way  
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.  
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,  
His parents fed him on the savage boar ;  
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,  
Swift as he moved *Hydrocharis* pursued,  
Till fall'n in death he lies, a shattering stone  
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone,  
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,  
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

*Lychopynax* with *Borboreates* fights,  
A blameless *Frog*, whom humbler life delights ;  
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,  
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.

Incensed *Prassophagus*, with sprightly bound,  
Bears *Cnissodiocetes* off the rising ground,  
Then drags him o'er the lake, deprived of breath,  
And, downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.  
But now the great *Psycarpax* shines afar,  
(Scarce he so great whose loss provoked the war)  
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,  
And through the liver struck *Pelusius* dead ;  
His freckled corpse before the victor fell,  
His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.

This saw *Pelobates*, and from the flood  
Heaved with both hands a monstrous mass of mud ;  
The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,  
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.

Enraged, and wildly sputtering, from the shore  
 A stone immense of size the warrior bore,  
 A load for labouring earth, whose bulk to raise,  
 Ask ten degenerate Mice of modern days :  
 Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound ;  
 The Frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,  
 Till loud Craugasides arrests his course :  
 Hoarse-croaking threats precede, with fatal speed  
 Deep through the belly run the pointed reed,  
 Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbru'd with gore,  
 And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.

The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,  
 Creeps from the desperate dangers of the plain ;  
 And where the ditches rising weeds supply  
 To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,  
 There lurks the silent Mouse relieved from heat,  
 And safe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.

But here Troxartas, Physignathus there,  
 Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear ;  
 But where the foot around its ankle plies  
 Troxartas wounds, and Physignathus flies,  
 Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,  
 And trails a dangling length of leg behind :  
 The Mouse still urges, still the Frog retires,  
 And half in anguish of the flight expires.

Then pious ardour young Prassæus brings  
 Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings :  
 Lank, harmless Frog ! with forces hardly grown,  
 He darts the reed in combats not his own,  
 Which faintly tinkling on Troxartas' shield,  
 Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears  
 A gallant prince that far transcends his years,

Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,  
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouse :  
His action bold, robust his ample frame,  
And Meridarpax his resounding name.  
The warrior, singled from the fighting crowd,  
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud ;  
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,  
To all its nations threats approaching fate ;  
And such his strength, the silver lakes around  
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.  
But powerful Jove, who shows no less his grace  
To Frogs that perish than to human race,  
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,  
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole ;  
Then thus to all the gazing powers began  
The sire of gods, and frogs, and mice, and man :  
‘ What seas of blood I view ! what worlds of  
An Iliad rising from a day’s campaign ; [ slain !  
How fierce his javelin o’er the trembling lakes  
The black-furr’d hero Meridarpax shakes !  
Unless some favouring deity descend,  
Soon will the Frogs’ loquacious empire end.  
Let dreadful Pallas wing’d with pity fly,  
And make her ægis blaze before his eye :  
While Mars, resplendent on his rattling car,  
Arrests his raging rival of the war.’

He ceased, reclining with attentive head,  
When thus the glorious god of combats said :  
‘ Nor Pallas, Jove ! though Pallas take the field,  
With all the terrors of her hissing shield,  
Nor Mars himself, though Mars in armour bright  
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst, the fight,  
Not these can drive the desperate Mouse afar,  
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.

Let all go forth, all heaven in arms arise,  
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies.  
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,  
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay,  
When all the giant-race enormous fell,  
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.'

"Twas thus the' armipotent advised the gods,  
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods ;  
Deep lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,  
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.  
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,  
And headlong darts it at the distant ground ;  
The bolt discharged, inwrapp'd with lightning flies,  
And rends its flaming passage though the skies :  
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake,  
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.  
Yet still the Mice advance their dread design,  
And the last danger threatens the croaking line,  
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,  
With strange assistants fill'd the frightened shore.

Pour'd from the neighbouring strand, deform'd to  
They march, a sudden unexpected crew! [view,  
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,  
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows ;  
In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go ;  
With harpy claws their limbs divide below ;  
Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command ;  
From out the flesh their bones by nature stand ;  
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders  
rise ;  
Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs ;  
With nervous cords their hands are firmly braced ;  
Their round black eyeballs in their bosom placed ;

On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread ;  
And either end alike supplies a head :  
These, mortal wits to call the Crabs agree,  
The gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,  
The heroes' tails with severing grasps they rend ;  
Here, short of feet, deprived the power to fly,  
There, without hands, upon the field they lie :  
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,  
The bended lances heap'd the cumber'd ground.  
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,  
And mad confusion through their host appear :  
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,  
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.

But down Olympus to the western seas  
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays ;  
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,  
Was fought, and ceased, in one revolving sun.

A  
**TRANSLATION**  
 OF  
**PART OF THE FIRST CANTO**  
 OF  
**The Rape of the Lock,**  
 INTO LEONINE VERSE,  
 AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENT MONKS.

---

Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,  
 Emicat in mensa, quæ splendet pyxide densa :  
 Tum primum lympha, se purgat candida nympha ;  
 Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,  
 Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.  
 Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans,  
 Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,  
 Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia ! lautè,  
 Dona venusta ; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,  
 Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.  
 Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,  
 Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cistâ ;  
 Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit ;  
 Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Lesbia dente ;  
 Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.

Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;  
Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,  
Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.  
Induit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;  
Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;  
Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratiæ visus,  
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.  
Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,  
Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.  
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique saluti,  
Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,  
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;  
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!  
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.



THE  
**POEMS**  
OF  
**Gilbert West.**



THE  
LIFE OF GILBERT WEST.  
BY  
DR. JOHNSON.

---

**GILBERT WEST** is one of the writers of whom I regret my inability to give a sufficient account; the intelligence which my inquiries have obtained is general and scanty.

He was the son of the reverend Dr. West; perhaps him who published 'Pindar' at Oxford, about the beginning of this century. His mother was sister to Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham. His father, purposing to educate him for the church, sent him first to Eton, and afterwards to Oxford; but he was seduced to a more airy mode of life, by a commission in a troop of horse, procured him by his uncle.

He continued some time in the army; though it is reasonable to suppose that he never sunk into a mere soldier, nor ever lost the love, or much neglected the pursuit of learning; and afterwards, finding himself more inclined to civil employment, he laid down his commission, and engaged in business under the Lord Townshend, then secretary of state, with whom he attended the king to Hanover.

His adherence to Lord Townshend ending in nothing but a nomination (May, 1729) to be clerk-extraordinary of the Privy Council, which produced no immediate profit; for it only placed him in a state of expectation and right of succession, and it was very long before a vacancy admitted him to profit.

Soon afterwards he married, and settled himself in

a very pleasant house at Wickham in Kent, where he devoted himself to learning, and to piety. Of his learning the late Collection exhibits evidence, which would have been yet fuller, if the *disse~~g~~ations* which accompany his version of Pindar had not been improperly omitted. Of his piety the influence has, I hope, been extended far by his 'Observations on the Resurrection,' published in 1747, for which the University of Oxford created him a Doctor of Laws by diploma (March 30, 1748), and would doubtless have reached yet further had he lived to complete what he had for some time meditated, the *Evidences of the Truth of the New Testament*. Perhaps it may not be without effect to tell, that he read the prayers of the public Liturgy every morning to his family, and that on Sunday evening he called his servants into the parlour, and read to them first a sermon and then prayers. Crashaw is now not the only maker of verses to whom may be given the two venerable names of *Poet* and *Saint*.

He was very often visited by Lyttelton and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, used at Wickham to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation. There is at Wickham a walk made by Pitt; and, what is of far more importance, at Wickham, Lyttelton received that conviction which produced his 'Dissertation on St. Paul.'

These two illustrious friends had for awhile listened to the blandishments of infidelity; and when West's book was published, it was bought by some who did not know his change of opinion, in expectation of new objections against Christianity; and as infidels do not want malignity, they revenged the disappointment by calling him a Methodist.

Mr. West's income was not large; and his friends endeavoured, but without success, to obtain an augmentation. It is reported, that the education of the young prince was offered to him, but that he required

a more extensive power of superintendence than it was thought proper to allow him.

In time, however, his revenue was improved ; he lived to have one of the lucrative clerkships of the Privy Council (1752) ; and Mr. Pitt at last had it in his power to make him treasurer of Chelsea Hospital.

He was now sufficiently rich ; but wealth came too late to be long enjoyed ; nor could it secure him from the calamities of life ; he lost (1755) his only son ; and the year after (March 26) a stroke of the palsy brought to the grave one of the few poets to whom the grave might be without its terrors !

Of his translations I have only compared the first Olympic Ode with the original, and found my expectation surpassed, both by its elegance and its exactness. He does not confine himself to his author's train of stanzas ; for he saw that the difference of languages required a different mode of versification. The first strophe is eminently happy ; in the second he has a little strayed from Pindar's meaning, who says, "if thou, my soul, wishest to speak of games, look not in the desert sky for a planet hotter than the sun ; nor shall we tell of nobler games than those of Olympia." He is sometimes too paraphrastical. Pindar bestows upon Hiero an epithet, which, in one word, signifies *delighting in horses* ; a word which, in the translation, generates these lines :

Hiero's royal brows, whose care  
Tends the courser's noble breed,  
Pleas'd to nurse the pregnant mare,  
Pleas'd to train the youthful steed.

Pindar says of Pelops, that " he came alone in the dark to the White Sea ;" and West,

Near the billow-beaten side  
Of the foam-besilyer'd main,  
Darkling, and alone, he stood :

which however is less exuberant than the former passage.

A work of this kind must, in a minute examination,

discover many imperfections; but West's version, so far as I have considered it, appears to be the product of great labour and great abilities.

His 'Institution of the Garter' (1742) is written with sufficient knowledge of the manners that prevailed in the age to which it is referred, and with great elegance of diction; but, for want of a process of events, neither knowledge nor elegance preserve the reader from weariness.

His 'Imitations of Spenser' are very successfully performed, both with respect to the metre, the language, and the fiction; and being engaged at once by the excellence of the sentiments, and the artifice of the copy, the mind has two amusements together. But such compositions are not to be reckoned among the great achievements of intellect, because their effect is local and temporary; they appeal not to reason or passion, but to memory, and pre-suppose an accidental or artificial state of mind. An imitation of Spenser is nothing to a reader, however acute, by whom Spenser has never been perused. Works of this kind may deserve praise, as proofs of great industry, and great nicety of observation: but the highest praise, the praise of genius, they cannot claim. The noblest beauties of art are those of which the effect is so co-extended with rational nature, or at least with the whole circle of polished life; what is less than this can be only pretty, the plaything of fashion, and the amusement of a day.

There is in the 'Adventurer' a paper of verses given to one of the authors as Mr. West's, and supposed to have been written by him. It should not be concealed, however, that it is printed with Mr. Jago's name in Dodsley's Collection, and is mentioned as his in a Letter of Shenstone's. Perhaps West gave it without naming the author; and Hawkesworth, receiving it from him, thought it his; for his he thought it, as he told me, and as he tells the public.

# POEMS

OF

## GILBERT WEST.

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### EDUCATION.

A Poem.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE AND MANNER  
OF SPENSER'S FAERY QUEEN.

INSCRIBED TO LADY LANGHAM, WIDOW OF SIR JOHN  
LANGHAM, BART.

Unum studium vere liberale est, quod liberum facit. Hoc  
sapientiae studium est, sublime, forte, magnanimum: cœ-  
tera pusilla et puerilia sunt.—Plus scire velle quam sit  
satis intemperantiae genus est. Quid, quod ista liberalium  
artium consecratio molestos, verbosos, intempestivos, sibi  
placentes facit, et ideo non dicentes necessaria, quia su-  
pervacua didicerunt.

SEN. Ep. 88.

O GOODLY Discipline ! from heaven ysprong !  
Parent of Science, queen of Arts refined !  
To whom the Graces, and the Nine belong ;  
O ! bid those Graces, in fair chorus join'd  
With each bright virtue that adorns the mind,  
O ! bid the Muses, thine harmonious train,  
Who by thy aid erst humanized mankind,  
Inspect, direct, and moralize the strain,  
That doth essay to teach thy treasures how to gain !

And thou whose pious and maternal care,  
 The substitute of heavenly Providence,  
 With tenderest love my orphan life did rear,  
 And train me up to manly strength and sense;  
 With mildest awe, and virtuous influence,  
 Directing my unpractised wayward feet  
 To the smooth walks of truth and innocence:  
 Where happiness heart-felt, contentment sweet,  
 Philosophy divine, aye hold their bless'd retreat.

Thou, most beloved, most honour'd, most rever'd!

Accept this verse, to thy large merit due:  
 And blame me not, if, by each tie endear'd,  
 Of nature, gratitude, and friendship true,  
 The whiles this moral thesis I pursue,  
 And trace the plan of goodly nurture<sup>1</sup> o'er,  
 I bring thy modest virtues into view;  
 And proudly boast that from thy precious store,  
 Which erst enrich'd my heart, I drew this sacred  
 lore.

And thus, I ween, thus shall I best repay  
 The valued gifts, thy careful love bestow'd;  
 If, imitating thee, well as I may,  
 I labour to diffuse the' important good,  
 Till this great truth by all be understood,  
 'That all the pious duties which we owe  
 Our parents, friends, our country, and our God;  
 The seeds of every virtue here below,  
 From discipline alone, and early culture, grow.'

► *Nurture, education.*

## CANTO I.

## Argument.

The Knight, as to Pædia's<sup>1</sup> home  
 He his young son conveys,  
 Is staid by Custom; with him fights,  
 And his vain pride disdains.

A GENTLE knight there was, whose noble deeds  
 O'er Fairy-land by Fame were blazon'd round:  
 Far warlike enterprise, and sage areeds<sup>2</sup>  
 Among the chief alike was he renown'd;  
 Whence with the marks of highest honours  
 By Gloriana, in domestic peace, [crown'd  
 That port, to which the wise are ever bound,  
 He anchor'd was, and changed the tossing seas  
 Of bustling busy life, for calm sequester'd ease.

There in domestic virtue rich and great,  
 As erst in public, mid his wide domain,  
 Long in primæval patriarchal state,  
 The lord, the judge, the father of the plain,  
 He dwelt; and with him, in the golden chain  
 Of wedded faith ylink'd, a matron sage  
 Aye dwelt; sweet partner of his joy and pain,  
 Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,  
 Skill'd to improve his bliss, his sorrows to assuage.

From this fair union, not of sordid gain,  
 But merit similar and mutual love,  
 (True source of lineal virtue) sprung a train  
 Of youths and virgins; like the beauteous grove,

<sup>1</sup> *Pædia* is a Greek word, signifying education.

<sup>2</sup> *Areeds*, counsels.

Which round the temple of Olympic Jove,  
 Begirt with youthful bloom the parent tree,  
 The sacred olive<sup>3</sup>; whence old Elis wove  
 Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,  
 The gurdons<sup>4</sup> of bold strength and swift activity.

So round their noble parents goodly rose  
 Those generous scions: they with watchful care  
 Still, as the swelling passions 'gan disclose  
 The buds of future virtues, did prepare  
 With prudent culture the young shoots to rear:  
 And aye in this endearing pious toil  
 They by a palmer<sup>5</sup> sage instructed were,  
 Who from deep thought and studious search  
 Erewhile [soil.  
 Had learn'd to mend the heart, and till the human  
 For by celestial wisdom whilom led [mind,  
 Through all the' apartments of the' immortal  
 He view'd the secret stores, and mark'd the sted<sup>6</sup>  
 To judgment, wit, and memory assign'd;  
 And how sensation and reflection join'd  
 To fill with images her darksome grotte,  
 Where, variously disjointed or combined,  
 As reason, fancy, or opinion wrought,  
 Their various masks they play'd, and fed her pen-  
 sive thought.

<sup>3</sup> Parent tree, the sacred olive. This tree grew in the Altis, or sacred grove of Olympic Jupiter at Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was esteemed sacred, and from that were taken the Olympic crowns.

<sup>4</sup> Gurdons, rewards.

<sup>5</sup> Palmer, pilgrim. The person here signified is Mr. Locke, characterized by his works.

<sup>6</sup> Sted, place, station.

Also<sup>7</sup> through the fields of science had he stray'd  
 With eager search, and sent his piercing eye  
 Through each learn'd school, each philosophic  
 shade,

Where truth and virtue erst were deem'd to lie :  
 If haply the fair vagrants he mote<sup>8</sup> spy,  
 Or hear the music of their charming lore :  
 But all unable there to satisfy  
 His curious soul, he turn'd him to explore  
 The sacred writ of faith ; to learn, believe, adore !

Thence, foe profess'd of falsehood and deceit,  
 Those sly artificers of tyranny,  
 Aye<sup>9</sup> holding up before uncertain feet  
 His faithful light to knowledge, liberty,  
 Mankind he led to civil policy,  
 And mild religion's charitable law ;  
 That, framed by mercy and benignity,  
 The persecuting sword forbids to draw,  
 And free-created souls with penal terrors awe.

Ne<sup>10</sup> with the glorious gifts elate and vain  
 Lock'd he his wisdom up in churlish pride ;  
 But, stooping from his height, would even deign  
 The feeble steps of infancy to guide,  
 Eternal glory him therefore betide !  
 Let every generous youth his praise proclaim :  
 Who, wandering through the world's rude forest  
 wide,  
 By him hath been y-taught his course to frame  
 To virtue's sweet abodes, and heaven-aspiring fame !

<sup>7</sup> *Also*, also, further.

<sup>8</sup> *Mote*, might.

<sup>9</sup> *Aye*, ever.

<sup>10</sup> *Ne*, nor.

For this the fairy knight with anxious thought,  
 And fond paternal care, his counsel pray'd;  
 And him of gentlest courtesy besought  
 His guidance to vouchsafe and friendly aid;  
 The while his tender offspring he convey'd  
 Through devious paths to that secure retreat;  
 Where sage Pædia, with each tuneful maid,  
 On a wide mount had fix'd her rural seat,  
 Mid flowery gardens placed, untrod by vulgar feet.

And now forth pacing with his blooming heir,  
 And that same virtuous palmer them to guide;  
 Arm'd all to point, and on a courser fair  
 Y-mounted high in military pride,  
 His little train before he slow did ride.  
 Him eke behind a gentle squire ensues<sup>11</sup>,  
 With his young lord aye marching side by side,  
 His counsellour and guard, in goodly thews<sup>12</sup>,  
 Who well had been brought up, and nursed by  
 every Muse.

Thus as their pleasing journey they pursued,  
 With cheerful argument beguiling pain:  
 Ere long descending from an hill they view'd  
 Beneath their eyes outstretch'd a spacious plain,  
 That fruitful show'd, and apt for every grain,  
 For pastures, vines, and flowers; while Nature  
 fair,  
 Sweet-smiling all around, with countenance  
 fain<sup>13</sup>  
 Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care,  
 Her wildness to correct, her lavish waste repair.

<sup>11</sup> *Ensues*, follows.

<sup>12</sup> *Thews*, manners.

<sup>13</sup> *Fain*, earnest, eager.

Right good, I ween, and bounteous was the soil,  
 Aye wont in happy season to repay  
 With tenfold usury the peasant's toil :  
 But now 'twas ruin all, and wild decay ;  
 Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay,  
 The sheep shorne down with barren brakes<sup>14</sup>  
 o'ergrown,  
 The whiles the merry peasants sport and play,  
 All as the public evil were unknown,  
 Or every public care from every breast was flown.

Astonish'd at a scene at once so fair  
 And so deform'd ; with wonder and delight  
 At man's neglect, and Nature's bounty rare,  
 In studious thought a while the fairy knight  
 Bent on that goodly lond<sup>15</sup> his eager sight :  
 Then forward rush'd, impatient to descry  
 What towns and castles therein were empight<sup>16</sup> ;  
 For towns him seem'd, and castles he did spy,  
 As to the' horizon round he stretch'd his roaming  
 eye.

Nor long way had they travell'd ere they came  
 To a wide stream, that with tumultuous roar  
 Amongst rude rocks its winding course did  
 frame.

Black was the wave and sordid, cover'd o'er  
 With angry foam, and stain'd with infants' gore.  
 Thereto along the' unlovely margin stood  
 A birchen grove, that waving from the shore,  
 Aye cast upon the tide its falling bud,  
 And with its bitter juice empoison'd all the flood.

<sup>14</sup> *Brakes*, briars.

<sup>15</sup> *Lond*, land.

<sup>16</sup> *Empight*, placed.

Right in the centre of the vale empight,  
 Not distant far, a forked mountain rose :  
 In outward form presenting to the sight  
 That famed Parnassian hill, on whose fair brows  
 The Nine Aonian Sisters wont repose ;  
 Listening to sweet Castalia's sounding stream,  
 Which through the plains of Cirrha murmuring  
 flows,

But this to that compared more justly seem  
 Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's esteem.

For this nor sounded deep, nor spredden wide,  
 Nor high upraised above the level plain,  
 By toiling Art through tedious years applied,  
 From various parts compiled with studious pain,  
 Was erst up-thrown<sup>17</sup>; if so it mote attain,  
 Like that poetic mountain, to be hight<sup>18</sup>  
 The noble seat of Learning's goodly train.  
 Thereto, the more to captivate the sight,  
 It like a garden fair most curiously was dight<sup>19</sup>.

In figured plots with leafy walls enclosed,  
 By measure and by rule it was outlay'd ;  
 With symmetry so regular disposed,  
 That plot to plot still answer'd, shade to shade ;  
 Each correspondent twain alike array'd  
 With like embellishments of plants and flowers,  
 Of statues, vases, spouting founts, that play'd,  
 Through shells of Tritons their ascending  
 showers, [ers.  
 And labyrinths involved, and trellis-woven bow-

<sup>17</sup> *Erst*, formerly.                   <sup>18</sup> *Hight*, called, named.

<sup>19</sup> *Dight*, dressed.

There likewise mote be seen on every side  
 The yew obedient to the planter's will,  
 And shapely box of all their branching pride  
 Ungently shorn, and with preposterous skill  
 To various beasts and birds of sundry quill  
 Transform'd, and human shapes of monstrous  
 Huge as that giant race, who, hill on hill [size;  
 High heaping, sought with impious vain em-  
 prize<sup>20</sup>,  
 Despite of thundering Jove, to scale the steepy skies.

Also other wonders of the sportive shears  
 Fair Nature mis-adorning there were found :  
 Globes, spiral columns, pyramids and piers,  
 With sprouting urns and budding statues  
 And horizontal dials on the ground [crown'd;  
 In living box by cunning artists traced:  
 And galleys trim, on no long voyage bound,  
 But by their roots there ever anchor'd fast  
 All<sup>21</sup> were their bellying sails outspread to every  
 blast.

O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows  
 With terrasses on terrasses up-thrown ;  
 And all along arranged in order'd rows,  
 And vistos broad, the velvet slopes adown  
 The ever-verdant trees of Daphne shone,  
 But aliens to the clime, and brought of old  
 From Latian plains, and Grecian Helicon,  
 They shrunk and languish'd in a foreign mould,  
 By changeful summers starved, and pinch'd by  
 winter's cold.

<sup>20</sup> *Emprise*, enterprise, attempt.

<sup>21</sup> *All*, used frequently by the old English poets for al-  
 though.

Amid this verdant grove with solemn state,  
 On golden thrones of antique form reclined,  
 In mimic majesty nine virgins sat,  
 In features various as unlike in mind :  
 Also boasted they themselves of heavenly kind,  
 And to the sweet Parnassian nymphs allied ;  
 Thence round their brows the Delphic bay they  
 twined,

And matching with high names their apish pride,  
 O'er every learned school aye claim'd they to pre-  
 side.

In antique garbs (for modern they disdain'd)  
 By Greek and Roman artists whilom<sup>22</sup> made,  
 Of various woofs, and variously distain'd ;  
 With tints of every hue, were they array'd ;  
 And here and there ambitiously display'd  
 A purple shed of some rich robe, prepared  
 Erst by the Muses o'er the' Aonian maid,  
 To deck great Tullius, or the Mantuan bard ;  
 Which o'er each motley vest with uncouth splen-  
 dour glared.

And well their outward vesture did express  
 The bent and habit of their inward mind,  
 Affecting Wisdom's antiquated dress,  
 And usages by time cast far behind.  
 Thence, to the charms of younger science blind,  
 The customs, laws, the learning, arts, and phrase  
 Of their own countries, they with scorn declined ;  
 Ne sacred truth herself would they embrace,  
 Unwarranted, unknown in their forefathers' days.

<sup>22</sup> *Whilom*, formerly.

Thus ever backward casting their survey;  
 To Rome's old ruins and the groves forlorn;  
 Of elder Athens, which in prospect lay [turn  
 Stretch'd out beneath the mountain, would they  
 Their busy search, and o'er the rubbish mourn.  
 Then, gathering up with superstitious care  
 Each little scrap, however foul or torn,  
 In grave harangues they boldly would declare,  
 This Ennius, Varro; this the Stagyrite did wear.

Yet, under names of venerable sound, [rod;  
 While o'er the world they stretch'd their awful  
 Through all the provinces of learning own'd  
 For teachers of whate'er is wise and good.  
 Also from each region to their drad<sup>23</sup> abode  
 Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taste  
 The streams of science: which united flow'd  
 Adown the mount, from nine rich sources cast;  
 And to the vale below in one rude torrent pass'd.

O'er every source, protectress of the stream,  
 One of those virgin-sisters did preside:  
 Who, dignifying with her noble name  
 Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide  
 The heady vapours of scholastic pride,  
 Despotical and abject, bold and blind,  
 Fierce in debate, and forward to decide;  
 Vain love of praise, with adulration join'd,  
 And disingenuous scorn, and impotence of mind.

Extending from the hill on every side,  
 In circuit vast a verdant valley spread;  
 Across whose uniform flat bosom glide  
 Ten thousand streams, in winding mazes led,

<sup>23</sup> *Drad, dreadful.*

By various sluices from one common head ;  
 A turbid mass of waters, vast, profound,  
 Hight of philology the lake ; and fed  
 By that rude torrent, which with roaring sound  
 Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the level  
 round.

And every where this spacious valley o'er,  
 Fast by each stream was seen a numerous throng  
 Of beardless striplings to the birch-crown'd shore,  
 By nurses, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along ;  
 Who, helpless, meek, and innocent of wrong,  
 Were torn reluctant from the tender side  
 Of their fond mothers, and by faitours<sup>24</sup> strong,  
 By power made insolent, and hard by pride,  
 Were driven with furious rage, and lash'd into the  
 tide.

On the rude bank with trembling feet they stood,  
 And, casting round their oft-reverted eyes,  
 If haply they mote scape the hated flood,  
 Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries ;  
 But far away the' unheeding father flies,  
 Constrain'd his strong compunctions to repress ;  
 While close behind, assuming the disguise  
 Of nurturing care, and smiling tenderness,  
 With secret scourges arm'd, those griesly fatours  
 press.

As on the steepy margin of a brook,  
 When the young sun with flowery Maia rides :  
 With innocent dismay a bleating flock  
 Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides :

<sup>24</sup> *Faitour*, doer, from faire, to do, and fait, deed ; commonly used by Spenser in a bad sense.

The shepherd swain at first exhorting chides  
 Their seely<sup>25</sup> fear ; at length impatient grown,  
 With his rude crook he wounds their tender sides ;  
 And, all regardless of their piteous moan,  
 Into the dashing wave compels them furious down.

Thus urged by mastering fear and dolorous teen<sup>26</sup>,  
 Into the current plunged that infant crowd :  
 Right piteous was the spectacle, I ween,  
 Of tender striplings stain'd with tears and blood,  
 Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood ;  
 And labouring to attain the distant shore,  
 Where, holding forth the gown of manhood, stood  
 The siren Liberty, and evermore  
 Solicited their hearts with her enchanting lore.

Irksome and long the passage was, perplex'd  
 With rugged rocks, on which the raving tide,  
 By sudden bursts of angry tempests vex'd,  
 Oft dash'd the youth, whose strength mote ill  
 abide  
 With head uplifted o'er the waves to ride,  
 Whence many wearied ere they had o'erpass'd  
 The middle stream (for they in vain have tried)  
 Again return'd astounded<sup>27</sup> and aghast ;  
 Ne one regardful look would ever backward cast.

Some, of a rugged, more enduring frame,  
 Their toilsome course with patient pain pursued :  
 And though with many a bruise and muchel<sup>28</sup>  
 blame,  
 Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embrued,

<sup>25</sup> *Seely*, simple.

<sup>26</sup> *Teen*, pain, grief.

<sup>27</sup> *Astounded*, astonished.

<sup>28</sup> *Muchel*, much.

Deep in the muddy stream, with hearts subdued  
 And quail'd by labour, gain'd the shore at last,  
 But in life's practice *lear*<sup>20</sup> unskill'd and rude,  
 Forth in that forked hill they silent paced ;  
 Where hid in studious shades their fruitless hours  
 they waste.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred,  
 Though with the crowd to pass the flood con-  
 strain'd,  
 Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led  
 By hireling guides, and in all depths sustain'd,  
 Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipp'd, unstain'd,  
 Save with the sprinkling of the watery spray,  
 And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd,  
 Of ignorance and ease, and wanton play,  
 Soft harbingers of vice, and premature decay.

A few (alas, how few !) by Heaven's high will  
 With subtle spirits endow'd and sinews strong,  
*Albe*<sup>21</sup> sore mated<sup>22</sup> by the tempests shrill,  
 That bellow'd fierce and rise the rocks among,  
 By their own native vigour borne along,  
 Cut briskly through the waves ; and forces new  
 Gathering from toil, and ardour from the throng  
 Of rival youths, outstripp'd the labouring crew,  
 And to the true *Parnasse*<sup>23</sup> and heaven-throng'd  
 glory flew.

Dire was the tumult, and from every shore  
 Discordant echoes struck the deafen'd ear,  
 Heart-thrilling cries, with sobs and singults<sup>24</sup>  
 Short-interrupted, the imploring tear, [sore

<sup>20</sup> *Lear*, learning.

<sup>20</sup> *Albe*, although.

<sup>21</sup> *Mated*, amazed, scared.

<sup>22</sup> *Parnasse*, Parnassus.

<sup>23</sup> *Singults*, sighs.

And furious stripes, and angry threats severe,  
 Confusedly mingled with the jarring sound  
 Of all the various speeches that while-ere<sup>34</sup>  
 On Shinar's wide-spread champaign did astound  
 High Babel's builders vain, and their proud works  
 confound.

Much was the knight empassion'd at the scene,  
 But more his blooming son, whose tender breast  
 Empierced deep with sympathising teen,  
 On his pale cheek the signs of drad impress'd,  
 And fill'd his eyes with tears, which sore dis-  
 tress'd

Up to his sire he raised in mournful wise ;  
 Who with sweet smiles paternal soon redress'd  
 His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each sad  
 surmise ;

Then turns his ready steed, and on his journey hies.  
 But far he had not march'd ere he was stay'd  
 By a rude voice, that, like the' united sound  
 Of shouting myriads, through the valley bray'd,  
 And shook the groves, the floods, and solid  
 ground :

The distant hills rebellow'd all around.  
 ' Arrest, Sir Knight, (it cried) thy fond career,  
 Nor with presumptuous disobedience wound  
 That awful majesty which all revere !

In my commands, Sir Knight, the voice of nations  
 hear !'

Quick turn'd the knight, and saw upon the plain  
 Advancing towards him with impetuous gait,  
 And visage all inflamed with fierce disdain,  
 A monstrous giant, on whose brow elate

<sup>34</sup> *While-ere*, formerly.

Shone the bright ensign of imperial state ;  
 Albeit lawful kingdom he had none ;  
 But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,  
 And oftentimes over both erect his throne,  
 While senates, priests, and kings his sovran<sup>35</sup>  
 sceptre own.

Custom he hight : and aye in every land  
 Usurp'd dominion with despotic sway  
 O'er all he holds : and to his high command  
 Constrains even stubborn Nature to obey ;  
 Whom dispossessing oft, he doth assay  
 To govern in her right : and with a pace  
 So soft and gentle doth he win his way,  
 That she unwares is caught in his embrace,  
 And though deflower'd and thrall'd, nought feels  
 her foul disgrace.

For nurturing, even from their tenderest age,  
 The docile sons of men, withouten pain,  
 By disciplines and rules to every stage  
 Of life accommodate, he doth them train  
 Insensibly to wear and hug his chain.  
 Also his behests or gentle or severe,  
 Or good or noxious, rational or vain,  
 He craftily persuades them to revere,  
 As institutions sage, and venerable lear.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,  
 And mighty patron of those Sisters nine,  
 Who, there enthroned, with many a copious rill  
 Feed the full streams, that through the valley  
 shine,  
 He deemed was ; and aye with rites divine,

<sup>35</sup> *Sovran*, for sovereign.

Like those<sup>36</sup>, which Sparta's hardy race of yore  
 Were wont perform at fell Diana's shrine,  
 He doth constrain his vassals to adore [lore.  
 Perforce their sacred names, and learn their sacred

And to the fairy knight now drawing near,  
 With voice terrific and imperious mien,  
 (All was he wont less dreadful to appear,  
 When known and practised then at distance seen)  
 And kingly stretching forth his sceptre sheen,  
 Him he commandeth, ' upon threaten'd pain  
 Of his displeasure high and vengeance keen,  
 From his rebellious purpose to refrain, [train.'  
 And all due honours pay to learning's reverend

So saying, and forestalling all reply,  
 His peremptory hand without delay,  
 As one who little cared to justify  
 His princely will, long used to boundless sway,  
 Upon the fairy youth with great dismay  
 In every quaking limb convulsed, he laid :  
 And proudly stalking o'er the verdant lay<sup>37</sup>,  
 Him to those scientific streams convey'd,  
 With many his young compeers therein to be em-  
 bay'd<sup>38</sup>.

The knight his tender son's distressful stour<sup>39</sup>  
 Perceiving, swift to his assistance flew :  
 Ne vainly stay'd to deprecate that power,  
 Which from submission aye more haughty grew.

<sup>36</sup> The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with constancy and courage, were accustomed to cause them to be scourged very severely. ' And I myself (says Plutarch, in his life of Lycurgus) have seen several of them endure whipping to death, at the foot of the altar of Diana, surnamed Orthia.'

<sup>37</sup> Lay, mead. <sup>38</sup> Embay'd, bathed, dipped.

<sup>39</sup> Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c.

For that proud giant's force he wisely knew,  
 Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defied  
 With rash presumption ; and with courage true,  
 Rather than step from Virtue's paths aside,  
 Oft had he singly scorn'd his all-dismaying pride.

And now, disdaining parle, his courser hot  
 He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful  
 spear ;  
 Wherewith the giant he so rudely smot,  
 That him perforce constrain'd to wend arrear<sup>40</sup>.  
 Who, much abash'd at such rebuke severe,  
 Yet his accustom'd pride recovering soon,  
 Forthwith his massy sceptre 'gan uprear ;  
 For other warlike weapon he had none,  
 Ne other him behoved to quell his boldest fone<sup>41</sup>.

With that enormous mace the fairy knight  
 So sore he bet<sup>42</sup>, that all his armour bray'd<sup>43</sup>,  
 To pieces well nigh riven with the might  
 Of so tempestuous strokes ; but he was stay'd,  
 And ever with deliberate valour weigh'd  
 The sudden changes of the doubtful fray ;  
 From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,  
 When force unequal did him hard assay :  
 So lightly from his steed he leap'd upon the lay.

Then swiftly drawing forth his trenchant blade<sup>44</sup>,  
 High o'er his head he held his fenceful shield ;  
 And warily forecasting to evade  
 The giant's furious arm about him wheel'd,

<sup>40</sup> *Wend arrear*, move backwards.      <sup>41</sup> *Fone*, foes.

<sup>42</sup> *Bet*, beat.      <sup>43</sup> *Bray'd*, resounded.

<sup>44</sup> *Trenchant*, cutting.

With restless steps aye traversing the field.  
 And ever as his foe's intemperate pride,  
 Through rage defenceless, mote advantage yield,  
 With his sharp sword so oft he did him grieve<sup>45</sup>,  
 That his gold-sandal'd feet in crimson floods were  
 dyed.

His baser parts he maim'd with many a wound;  
 But far above his utmost reach were pight<sup>46</sup>  
 The forts of life: ne never to confound  
 With utter ruin, and abolish quite  
 A power so puissant by his single might  
 Did he presume to hope: himself alone  
 From lawless force to free, in bloody fight  
 He stood content to bow to Custom's throne,  
 So Reason mote not blush his sovran rule to own.

So well he warded, and so fiercely press'd  
 His foe, that weary wax'd he of the fray;  
 Yet nould he algates<sup>47</sup> lower his haughty crest  
 But masking in contempt his sore dismay,  
 Disdainfully released the trembling prey,  
 As one unworthy of his princely care;  
 Then proudly casting on the warlike fay<sup>48</sup>  
 A smile of scorn and pity, through the air  
 Gan blow the shrilling horn; the blast was heard  
 afar.

Eftsoons astonish'd at the' alarming sound,  
 The signal of distress and hostile wrong,  
 Confusedly trooping from all quarters round  
 Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng  
 Of every sex and order, old and young;

<sup>45</sup> *Gride*, cut, hack.

<sup>46</sup> *Pight*, placed.

<sup>47</sup> *Nould he algates*, would not by any means.

<sup>48</sup> *Fay*, fairy.

The vassals of great Custom's wide domain,  
Who to his lore inured by usage long,  
His every summons heard with pleasure fain,  
And felt his every wound with sympathetic pain.

They, when their bleeding king they did behold,  
And saw an armed knight him standing near,  
Attended by that palmer sage and bold ;  
Whose venturous search of devious truth while-  
ere  
Spread through the realms of learning horrors  
drear,  
Y-seized were at first with terrors great ;  
And in their boding hearts began to fear,  
Dissension factious, controversial hate,  
And innovations strange in Custom's peaceful state.

But when they saw the knight his falchion  
sheathe,  
And climbing to his steed march thence away,  
With all his hostile train, they 'gan to breathe  
With freer spirit, and with aspect gay  
Soon chased the gathering clouds of black affray.  
Also their great monarch, cheered with the view  
Of myriads, who confess his sovereign sway,  
His ruffled pride began to plume anew ;  
And on his bugle clear a strain of triumph blew.

Thereat the multitude, that stood around,  
Sent up at once a universal roar  
Of boisterous joy : the sudden-bursting sound,  
Like the explosion of a warlike store  
Of nitrous grain, the' afflicted welkin<sup>49</sup> tore.

<sup>49</sup> *Welkin*, sky.

Then turning towards the knight, with scoffings  
lewd,  
Heart-piercing insults, and revilings sore,  
Loud bursts of laughter vain, and hisses rude,  
As through the throng he pass'd, his parting steps  
pursued.

Else from that forked hill, the boasted seat  
Of studious peace and mild philosophy,  
Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,  
Mustering their rage; eke baleful infamy,  
Roused from her den of base obscurity  
By those same maidens nine, began to sound  
Her brazen trump of blackening obloquy:  
While Satire, with dark clouds encompass'd  
round,  
Sharp, secret arrows shot, and aim'd his back to  
wound.

But the brave fairy knight, no whit dismay'd,  
Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain;  
With curious eye observing, as he stray'd  
Through the wide provinces of Custom's reign,  
What mote afresh admonish him remain  
Fast by his virtuous purpose; all around  
So many objects moved his just disdain;  
Him seem'd that nothing serious, nothing sound,  
In city, village, bower, or castle, mote be found.

In village, city, castle, bower, and hall,  
Each sex, each age, each order, and degree,  
To vice and idle sport abandon'd all,  
Kept one perpetual general jubilee.  
Ne suffer'd ought disturb their merry glee;  
Ne sense of private loss, ne public woes,  
Restraint of law, Religion's drah decree,

And ever on the way mote he espy  
 Men, women, children, a promiscuous throng  
 Of rich, poor, wise and simple, low and high,  
 By land, by water, passing aye along  
 With mummers, antics, music, dance, and song,  
 To Pleasure's numerous temples, that beside  
 The glistening streams, or tufted groves among,  
 To every idle foot stood open wide,  
 And every gay desire with various joys supplied.

For there each earth with diverse charms to move,  
 The sly enchantress summoned all her train :  
 Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant love,  
 The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain,  
 And tricking Hermes, god of fraudulent gain,  
 Who, when blind Fortune throws, directs the die,  
 And Phœbus, tuning his soft Lydian strain,  
 To wanton motions, and the lover's sigh,  
 And thought-beguiling show, and masking revelry.

Unmeet associates these for noble youth,  
 Who to true honour meaneth to aspire ;  
 And for the works of virtue, faith, and truth,  
 Would keep his many faculties entire.  
 The which avizing well, the cautious sire  
 From that soft syren land of Pleasaunce vain,  
 With timely haste was minded to retire,  
 Or-ere<sup>51</sup> the sweet contagion mote attain  
 His son's unpractised heart, yet free from vicious  
 stain.

So turning from that beaten road aside,  
 Through many a devious path at length he paced,  
 As that experienced palmer did him guide,  
 Till to a mountain hoare they came at last ;

<sup>51</sup> *Or-ere*, before.

Whose high-raised brows, with silvan honours  
Majestically frown'd upon the plain, [graced,  
And over all an awful horror cast :  
Seem'd as those villas gay it did disdain,  
Which spangled all the vale like Flora's painted  
train.

The hill ascended straight, erewhile they came  
To a tall grove, whose thick-embowering shade,  
Impervious to the sun's meridian flame,  
Even at mid-noon a dubious twilight made ;  
Like to that sober light, which, disarray'd  
Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams,  
Through windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd,  
Along some cloister'd abbey faintly gleams,  
Abstracting the rapt thought from vain earth-  
musing themes.

Beneath this high o'er-arching canopy  
Of clustering oaks, a silvan colonnade,  
Aye listening to the native melody  
Of birds sweet echoing through the lonely shade,  
On to the centre of the grove they stray'd ;  
Which, in a spacious circle opening round,  
Within its sheltering arms securely laid,  
Disclosed to sudden view a vale profound,  
With Nature's artless smiles and tranquil beauties  
crown'd.

There on the basis of an ancient pile, [wood,  
Whose cross-surmounted spire o'erlook'd the  
A venerable matron they ere-while  
Discover'd have, beside a murmuring flood  
Reclining in right sad and pensive mood.  
Retired within her own abstracted breast,  
She seem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood,

The which her changing cheer by turns express'd,  
Now glowing with disdain, with grief now over-  
kest<sup>52</sup>.

Her thus immersed in anxious thought profound,  
When-as the knight perceived, he nearer drew;  
To weet what bitter bale did her astound,  
And whence the' occasion of her anguish grew.  
For that right noble matron well he knew;  
And many perils huge, and labours sore,  
Had for her sake endured; her vassal true,  
Train'd in her love, and practised evermore  
Her honour to respect, and reverence her lore.

' O dearest drad! (he cried) fair island queen!  
Mother of heroes! empress of the main!  
What means that stormy brow of troublous teen?  
Sith<sup>53</sup> heaven-born Peace, with all her smiling  
Of sciences and arts, adorns thy reign [train  
With wealth and knowledge, splendour and re-  
nown?  
Each port how throng'd! how fruitful every plain!  
How blithe the country! and how gay the town!  
While liberty secures and heightens every boon!'

Awaken'd from her trance of pensive woe  
By these fair flattering words, she raised her head;  
And, bending on the knight her frowning brow,  
' Mock'st thou my sorrows, fairy son? (she said)  
Or is thy judgment by thy heart misled  
To deem that certain which thy hopes suggest?  
To deem them full of life and lustihead<sup>54</sup>,  
Whose cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are dress'd,  
And with joy's careless mien and dimpled smiles  
impress'd?

<sup>52</sup> Overkest, for overcast.

<sup>53</sup> Sith, since.

<sup>54</sup> Lustihead, strong health, vigour.

‘ Thy unsuspecting heart how nobly good  
 I know how sanguine in thy country’s cause !  
 And mark’d thy virtue, singly how it stood  
 The’ assaults of mighty Custom, which o’erawes  
 The faint and timorous mind, and oft withdraws  
 From Reason’s lore the’ ambitious and the vain  
 By the sweet lure of popular applause,  
 Against their bitter knowledge to maintain  
 The lawless throne of Vice, or Folly’s childish reign.

‘ How vast his influence, how wide his sway !  
 Thyself ere-while by proof didst understand ;  
 And saw’st, as through his realms thou took’st  
 thy way,  
 How vice and folly had o’erspread the land.  
 And canst thou then, O fairy son, demand  
 The reason of my woe ? or hope to ease  
 The throbings of my heart with speeches bland,  
 And words more apt my sorrows to increase,  
 The once dear names of wealth, and liberty, and  
 peace ?

‘ Peace, wealth, and liberty, that noblest boon,  
 Are blessings only to the wise and good :  
 To weak and vicious minds their worth unknown,  
 And thence abused, but servé to furnish food  
 For riot and debauch, and fire the blood  
 With high-spiced luxury ; whence Strife, Debate,  
 Ambition, Envy, Faction’s viperous brood,  
 Contempt of order, manners profligate,  
 The symptoms of a foul, diseased, and bloated state.

‘ Even Wit and Genius, with their learned train  
 Of Arts and Muses, though from heaven above  
 Descended, when their talents they profane  
 To varnish folly, kindle wanton love,

And aid eccentric sceptic Pride to rove  
 Beyond celestial Truth's attractive sphere,  
 This moral system's central sun, aye prove  
 To their fond votaries a curse severe,  
 And only make mankind more obstinately err.

' And stand my sons herein from censure clear?  
 Have they considered well, and understood,  
 The use and import of those blessings dear,  
 Which the great Lord of nature hath bestow'd  
 As well to prove, as to reward the good? [seas  
 Whence are these torrents then, these billowy  
 Of vice, in which, as in his proper flood,  
 The fell Leviathan licentious plays,  
 And upon shipwreck'd faith and sinking virtue  
 preys ?

' To you, ye noble, opulent, and great !  
 With friendly voice I call, and honest zeal :  
 Upon your vital influences wait  
 The health and sickness of the commonweal ;  
 The maladies you cause, yourselves must heal.  
 In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd  
 Will Truth and Reason make their just appeal ;  
 In vain will sacred Wisdom cry aloud,  
 And Justice drench in vain her vengeful sword in  
 blood.

' With you must reformation first take place :  
 You are the head, the intellectual mind  
 Of this vast body politic, whose base  
 And vulgar limbs, to drudgery consign'd,  
 All the rich stores of science have resign'd  
 To you, that by the craftsman's various toil,  
 The sea-worn mariner, and sweating hind,

In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while  
 You, for yourselves and them, may dress the  
 mental soil.

' Bethink you then, my children, of the trust  
 In you reposed : ne let your heaven-born mind  
 Consume in pleasure, or unactive rust ;  
 But nobly rouse you to the task assign'd,  
 The godlike task to teach and mend mankind :  
 Learn, that ye may instruct : to virtue lead  
 Yourselves the way : the herd will crowd behind,  
 And gather precepts from each worthy deed :  
 Example is a lesson that all men can read.

' But if (to all or most I do not speak),  
 In vain and sensual habits now grown old,  
 The strong Circæan charm you cannot break,  
 Nor reassume at will your native mould <sup>ss</sup> ;  
 Yet envy not the state you could not hold ;  
 And take compassion on the rising age :  
 In them redeem your errors manifold ;  
 And, by due discipline and nurture sage,  
 In virtue's lore betimes your docile sons engage.

' You chiefly, who like me in secret mourn  
 The prevalence of Custom lewd and vain ;  
 And you, who, though by the rude torrent borne  
 Unwillingly along, you yield with pain  
 To his behests, and act what you disdain,  
 Yet nourish in your hearts the generous love  
 Of piety and truth ; no more restrain  
 The manly zeal ; but all your sinews move  
 The present to reclaim, the future race improve !

<sup>ss</sup> *Mould, shape, form.*

‘ Eftsoons by your joint efforts shall be quell’d  
 Yon haughty giant, who so proudly sways  
 A sceptre by repute alone upheld;  
 Who, where he cannot dictate, straight obeys.  
 Accustom’d to conform his flattering phrase  
 To numbers and high-placed authority,  
 Your party he will join, your maxims praise,  
 And, drawing after all his menial fry,  
 Soon teach the general voice your act to ratify.

‘ Ne for the’ achievement of this great emprise  
 The want of means or counsel may ye dread:  
 From my twin-daughters’ fruitful wombs shall  
 A race of letter’d sages, deeply read [rise  
 In Learning’s various writ: by whom yled  
 Through each well-cultured plot, each beauteous  
 grove,  
 Where antique Wisdom whilom wont to tread,  
 With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,  
 And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of know-  
 ledge prove.

‘ Yourselves with virtue thus and knowledge  
 fraught  
 Of what, in ancient days of good or great  
 Historians, bards, philosophers, have taught;  
 Join’d with whatever else of modern date  
 Maturer judgment, search more accurate,  
 Discover’d have of Nature, man, and God;  
 May by new laws reform the time-worn state  
 Of cell-bred discipline, and smooth the road  
 That leads through Learning’s vale to Wisdom’s  
 bright abode.

‘ By you invited to her secret bowers,  
Then shall Pædia reascend her throne,  
With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flowers ;  
While from their forked mount descending down  
Yon supercilious pedant train shall own  
Her empire paramount, ere long by her  
Ytaught a lesson in their schools unknown,  
“ To learning’s richest treasures to prefer  
The knowledge of the world, and man’s great bu-  
siness there.”

‘ On this prime science, as the final end  
Of all her discipline and nurturing care,  
Her eye Pædia fixing, aye shall bend  
Her every thought and effort to prepare  
Her tender pupils for the various war,  
Which Vice and Folly shall upon them wage,  
As on the perilous march of life they fare  
With prudent lore fore-arming every age  
’Gainst Pleasure’s treacherous joys, and Pain’s  
embattled rage.

‘ Then shall my youthful sons, to wisdom led  
By fair example and ingenuous praise,  
With willing feet the paths of duty tread,  
Through the world’s intricate or rugged ways  
Conducted by Religion’s sacred rays ;  
Whose soul-invigorating influence  
Shall purge their minds from all impure allays  
Of sordid selfishness and brutal sense,  
And swell the’ ennobled heart with bless’d bene-  
volence.

‘ Then also shall this emblematic pile,  
By magic whilom framed to sympathize  
With all the fortunes of this changeful isle,  
Still, as my sons in fame and virtue rise,

Grow with their growth, and to the' applauding  
skies

Its radiant cross uplift ; the while, to grace  
The multiplying niches, fresh supplies  
Of worthies shall succeed, with equal pace  
Aye following their sires in virtue's glorious race.'

Fired with the' idea of her future fame,  
She rose majestic from her lowly sted ;  
While from her vivid eyes a sparkling flame  
Out-beaming, with unwonted light o'erspread  
That monumental pile ; and as her head  
To every front she turn'd, discovered round  
The venerable forms of heroes dead ;  
Who, for their various merit erst renown'd,  
In this bright fane of glory shrines of honour found.

On these that royal dame her ravish'd eyes  
Would often feast, and ever as she spied  
Forth from the ground the lengthening structure  
rise

With new-placed statues deck'd on every side,  
Her parent breast would swell with generous  
pride.

And now with her in that sequester'd plain,  
The knight awhile constraining to abide,  
She to the fairy youth with pleasure fain  
Those sculptured chiefs did show, and their great  
lives explain.

## FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN IN LORD WESTMORELAND'S HERMITAGE.

Ne gay attire, ne marble hall,  
 Ne arched roof, ne pictured wall ;  
 Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,  
 Bestow'd with pyes of Perigord ;  
 Ne power, ne such like idle fancies,  
 Sweet Agnes, grant to Father Francis ;  
 Let me ne more myself deceive ;  
 Ne more regret the toys I leave :  
 The world I quit, the proud, the vain,  
 Corruption's and Ambition's train ;  
 But not the good, perdie, nor fair,  
 'Gainst them I make ne vow, ne prayer ;  
 But such aye welcome to my cell,  
 And oft, not always, with me dwell ;  
 Then cast, sweet saint, a circle round,  
 And bless from fools this holy ground ;  
 From all the foes to worth and truth,  
 From wanton old, and homely youth :  
 The gravely dull, and pertly gay,  
 Oh ! banish these, and, by my fay,  
 Right well I ween that in this age  
 Mine house shall prove an hermitage.

---

AN

## INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

BENEATH these moss-grown roots, this rustic cell,  
 Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell ;  
 Say, you who dare our hermitage disdain,  
 What drawing-room can boast so fair a train ?

AN

## INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL.

SWEET bird, that sing'st on yonder spray,  
 Pursue unharmed thy silvan lay ;  
 While I, beneath this breezy shade,  
 In peace repose my careless head ;  
 And joining thy enraptured song,  
 Instruct the world-enamour'd throng,  
 That the contented harmless breast  
 In solitude itself is bless'd.

INSCRIPTION ON A SUMMER-HOUSE<sup>1</sup>

BELONGING TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM, IN KENT.

(AN IMITATION OF AUSONIUS, 'AD VILLAM.')

Not wrapp'd in smoky London's sulphurous  
 clouds,  
 And not far distant, stands my rural cot :  
 Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,  
 Nor for the good and friendly too remote.  
 And when too much repose brings on the spleen,  
 Or the gay city's idle pleasures cloy ;  
 Swift as my changing wish, I change the scene,  
 And now the country, now the town, enjoy.

END OF VOL. XXIX.

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